# The ARYAN PATH

Vol. XXXIII SEPTEMBER 1962 No. 9

## CONTENTS

THE FRONTIERS OF THOUGHT (EDITORIAL) .... .... .... .... 385
THUS SPAKE BHARTRIHARI: IN PRAISE OF SAGES (POEM)—*Trs. by R. C.* .... 387
THE PATH OF THE SOUL—*By Claude Houghton* .... .... .... .... 388
HOTEL LOUNGE (POEM)—*By Herbert Bluen* .... .... .... .... 390
THE ONE-WORLD PHILOSOPHY OF K'ANG YU-WEI—*By O. K. Ghosh* .... .... 391
RADIANT LIFE—*By Pierce Egan* .... .... .... .... .... .... 398
"THE COMING RACE"—*By Roger Lancelyn Green* .... .... .... .... 401
THORNTON WILDER—I—*By K. Viswanatham* .... .... .... .... 407
ANOTHER BLUE DAY—*By Elizabeth Cross* .... .... .... .... .... 413
NEW BOOKS AND OLD—
A SURVEY OF TIBETAN RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT—*By Bhikshu Sangharakshita* .... .... .... .... .... .... .... 418
REVIEWS—*By Dion Byngham, Elizabeth Cross, R. H. Ward, Prema Nandakumar, R. F. Rattray, W. Montgomery Watt, Roshan Kothawala and B. Ch. Chhabra* .... .... .... .... .... .... 419
A LETTER FROM LONDON—*By Sunder Kabadi* .... .... .... .... 426
LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY—*By Baldoon Dhingra* .... .... .... 428
ENDS AND SAYINGS .... .... .... .... .... .... .... 431

"THEOSOHY HALL," NEW MARINE LINES—BOMBAY, INDIA

# THE ARYAN PATH

ORGAN OF THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF WORLD CULTURE

Editor: SOPHIA WADIA

Assistant Editor: RAMESHCHANDRA SIRKAR

ADDRESSES

| | |
|---|---|
| Editorial Office: | "THEOSOPHY HALL"<br>40, New Marine Lines<br>Bombay 1 |
| Managerial Office: | No. 1/1, Bugle Rock Road<br>Basavangudi<br>Bangalore 4 |
| London Office: | 62, Queen's Gardens<br>London, W. 2 |
| Indian Institute of World Culture | No. 6, Shri B. P. Wadia Road<br>Basavangudi<br>Bangalore 4 |

* * * * *

CONTRIBUTIONS—The Editor is responsible for unsigned articles only and is not necessarily in agreement with the views of the contributors, to whom free expression of opinion is given.

SUBSCRIPTIONS—THE ARYAN PATH is published monthly. No subscriptions are accepted for less than twelve months, but subscriptions may begin with any desired number. All orders should be accompanied by the necessary remittance to the Manager, THE ARYAN PATH, 1/1, Bugle Rock Road, Bangalore 4, or to our London Office at 62, Queen's Gardens, London, W. 2.

PRICES: India—Single copy 75 *naye paise*; per annum Rs. 6.00

Europe—Single copy 1*s*. 6*d*; per annum 12*s*. or equivalent.

Americas—Single copy 35 cents; per annum $3.00

All post free

Available in the U.S.A. from
Eastern News Distributors
255, Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.

Back numbers are available on special application

# THE ARYAN PATH

**Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.**

—*The Voice of the Silence*

VOL. XXXIII SEPTEMBER 1962 No. 9

## THE FRONTIERS OF THOUGHT

[WE reprint this editorial from THE ARYAN PATH, June 1944.—ED.]

IT IS the nature of frontiers to change. But at a time like this the rate of change is faster. Frontiers as boundaries between political units of general cultural parity are shifted back and forth as moves on the international chess-board, by which the human pawns are put in better or in worse positions. Of greater symbolic significance, however, is the frontier between a settled area and a ruder hinterland, such as the U.S.A. had until recent years. For long the wilderness represented a safety-valve for society, offering free scope to the adventurous, a refuge for the malcontent, a chance for the diligent to improve his station. Conflict of interests and demand for *Lebensraum* arise only when limits of expansion have been reached and there is pressure, real or fancied, to be threatened, on the means of subsistence.

But limitations to physical expansion fortunately set no barriers to the advancing mind of man. This is a period pre-eminently of mental change and flux. Long-accepted social and economic patterns are being challenged, ethics called upon to justify themselves, old sanctions flouted. Orthodox moulds of thought are breaking from the pressure of the new ferment. The old tacit assumption that our concern is with the visible and the tangible alone has been rudely shaken and with it the sense of stability that rested on it. Psychical research, so long cold-shouldered by the orthodox in science no less than in religion, is bringing out disturbing powers and capacities in man that call for a complete readjustment of outlook upon life. A mental need that is becoming as insistent as the body's demand for food, is for synthetic knowledge, for an ample frame, religious, scientific, philosophical, that shall have room not only for all facts now known but also for those adumbrated by the recent work on the frontiers of thought. We must, like Oliver Wendell

# THE PATH OF THE SOUL

[THE late **Claude Houghton** was an honoured name in contemporary literature and an esteemed friend of THE ARYAN PATH for many years. Miss Sylva Norman paid a very perceptive tribute to his work in our issue of May 1961.

In this brief article he writes in simple fashion of an insight that has lain at the core of many profound philosophic visions. The Soul, the precious central reality, for whose sake, as the Upanishad says, is all dear, which for its own sake would be nothing — this Soul, how fares it on its path of Life? Is it alone for ever? Is it to be extinguished? Neither, the great ones have said. Mr. Houghton brings out that final reunion can come about only through separation. Meanwhile there is left the heroic moral struggle sung in the great scriptures. Madame Blavatsky wrote in a splendid passage in *The Secret Doctrine*: "In order to progress upwards and homewards, the 'God' has now to ascend the weary uphill path of the Golgotha of Life. It is the martyrdom of self-conscious existence. Like Visvakarman he has to sacrifice *himself to himself* in order to redeem all creatures, to resurrect from the many into the *One Life*."—ED.]

LIFE is pain. It is also joy, but that is another matter. Human existence implies pain, and to be alive is to suffer. It is pain to be born; it is painful to live; and it is pain to die, though perhaps the last is the least painful.

And the pain of life is the pain of growth. For the essential nature of the spirit is stillness, and its desire is to remain in a state of contemplation, possessing an awareness of its divine oneness with all things, but without that self-consciousness, the acquisition of which requires effort, and the possession of which involves responsibility, separate, particular, individual. On the other hand life is motion, activity; inactivity is death. Hence there are two opposing tendencies or forces acting on the soul, one backwards and one forwards; one craving original stillness, the other demanding unceasing change — and it is the guiding and co-ordinating of these to one common end which is the most difficult achievement, as it is perhaps the sole purpose, of human existence.

Among the greater part of humanity the individual is still unconscious of this conflict but the effects of it can easily be seen. He is afraid of effort, as he is afraid of freedom and of responsibility; he restricts the range of his free individual activity by creating a fixed set of laws, of beliefs and of rules of conduct; he may assert himself very definitely and defiantly, but it will be along the orthodox lines; he may shout that he is king in his own castle, but he will first make sure that his castle is

a very small one, and that it is built and conducted in a similar manner to everybody else's; he has to develop but he tries hard to do it in company with his neighbours. Under these conditions the soul progresses — steadily perhaps — but very, very slowly.

Sooner or later, however, the soul comes into a realization of its individual freedom, and then comes pain, real pain, the agony of conscious conflict, the responsibility of free will.

There is pain in the world other than this, but it is of a different order, it is the blind suffering of the driven beast; but this is the pain of the knowledge of good and evil, and of the power to choose. Then the soul becomes aware of the conflict within itself.

On the other hand it craves for its original oneness with all things; it desires again not to be separate, to withdraw, to shrink back, to become reunited with God and with oblivion as it was in the beginning, to be at rest, not to strive any more, only to be inseparate. But on the other hand it *is* itself, separate, particular, individual; it cannot deny itself, however much it may wish to, but also it does not wish to: it desires to attain to greater and greater realization of itself, to grow in its own strength and consciousness, until itself shall have gathered all things in, and made all things one with it. Thus in this way it would attain again to its original state, yet with something added. Both the beginning and the end are God; the innate impulse of the soul is to go back to God and at the same time to go forward to God; the first is called decay, the second growth; nevertheless the motive is the same, differently directed.

The pain of life is caused through the need for effort, and all activity can be traced to this dual desire. And it is where the two tendencies are most clearly opposed and distinct that the pain is greatest, for it is probable that it is often just those who are most conscious of their ultimate destiny, and who are therefore most desirous of achieving the fullest self-consciousness, who at the same time yearn most terribly to deny their separate existence, that they may enjoy again the sublime bliss of unconscious, effortless, inseparate oneness. Thus it is that the very fact of a body, distinct, separated off, gathered into itself, implies pain. For the individual cannot deceive itself, and however much it may believe in its ultimate oneness, it cannot deny its immediate present isolation. But it will rebel against such a state, and, while on the one hand trying with all its strength to realize itself, it will at the same time struggle with the frenzy of despair to destroy its separateness.

And this conflict is a terrible thing because, though the tendency

towards disintegration and decay must ultimately become subordinated and sublimated, it may be that for a long time it will continue in a hundred ways to sap and waste the energy of the individual in fruitless but exhausting attempts to merge and to be submerged.

Final reunion can come only through separation — this is the lesson of life. At present we desire with half our being to be drawn unto all men, but it is only when we have learnt to stand alone, and to know ourselves not as one, but as each one, that we shall begin to draw all men unto us.

As parts we must perfect ourselves that, as a reunited whole, we may be perfect. This is the offering we make our God; we leave everything that we may gain everything. God of Mercy, we can do no more — it is our all.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

---

## HOTEL LOUNGE

Through swing doors in and out
The people come and go,
A microcosm of
The city's ebb and flow.

The smoke from choice cigars
Rises above the chatter,
The chandeliers like stars
Their myriad jewels scatter.

From out the dark unknown
Like moths round candlelight
Briefly to life we cling,
Then, back into the night.

HERBERT BLUEN

---

# THE ONE-WORLD PHILOSOPHY OF K'ANG YU-WEI

[**Shri O. K. Ghosh** is Chief Accounting Officer of the High Commission of India in London. He is also a scholar, author and lecturer. The following full and interesting account of the life and philosophy of K'ang Yu-Wei does persuade us that his One-World Philosophy, for all that it has some quaint limitations, is "a freeing and liberating work which widens our horizons."—ED.]

LITTLE IS GENERALLY KNOWN in India of the intellectual effect of the impact of the West on China in the nineteenth century. With a sudden sharpness the Chinese were forced to accept the fact, as the noted Chinese philosopher Fung Yu-Lan has observed, that their country was neither the whole world, nor even indeed the centre of the world, but simply one among many different nations. The intellectual challenge was of a fundamental nature and K'ang Yu-Wei was one of the greatest of the Chinese men of thought to respond to the challenge. He did it by trying to modify Confucius to suit the needs of the time, and by using Western ideas for new and daring speculations. This is best shown in his *Ta T'ung Shu* or "One World Book." Let us, then, have a glimpse of the man and of his ideas.

Our knowledge of K'ang Yu-Wei has been largely gleaned, at least for his first forty years, from his autobiography — *Self-Compiled Chronology of the Gentleman from Nan-hai.* K'ang Yu-Wei was born on March 19th, 1858, at a place slightly south-west of Canton. His father was well-to-do, but he died when K'ang was eleven. K'ang was brought up by his grandfather, a mandarin, and he spent his early life mainly in studying. In this his work was facilitated by his great-grandfather's huge library. His early studies were in the classical Chinese tradition. At the age of twenty-one, however, he had a great vision when he saw that "the ten thousand creatures of Heaven and Earth" and he himself "were all of the same body." He received great enlightenment and laughed with joy; then he perceived the sufferings of life and cried with melancholy. This mystic vision had a great effect on him. He gave up his classical studies, and retired to the mountains to study Buddhism and Taoism. But he came back to the world, visited Hong Kong in 1879, and read works on foreign lands and foreign history. He was deeply affected. He was convinced that the West had much to teach China and that a reform of Chinese society was essential if China was to take her

place among the leading peoples of the world. In 1883, when only 25, he founded an Anti-Footbinding Society in his native place, soon to be followed by the South China Anti-Footbinding Society. His studies also continued. And by 1885 he had prepared the first draft of *Ta T'ung Shu.* In 1889 he became a mandarin. His studies, however, did not abate. In 1891 he brought out a book trying to prove that many works attributed to Confucius were really forgeries. He was attacked and his book burnt.

In 1896 K'ang participated in politics. The Japanese had defeated the Chinese and a humiliating treaty was being negotiated. The officials in Peking were highly agitated. K'ang and his disciple, Liang Ch'i-ch'ao, organized mass meetings which resulted in a petition to the Emperor asking for the rejection of the peace terms (which involved a loss of territory) and for a general reform of the laws. But this came to nothing. K'ang consoled himself by studying Western culture, largely through translations from the Japanese made by his eldest daughter. He also became concerned with the problem of over-population in China and sponsored a scheme of emigration to Brazil.

His days of glory came in 1898. His writings had influenced many young Chinese, including the heir to the throne, Kuang-hsu. In 1898 Kuang-hsu became Emperor, and K'ang became his chief mentor. The result was the famous "Hundred Days of Reform" (June 11th–September 20th, 1898). Kuang-hsu issued a series of decrees aimed at modernizing (Westernizing) China militarily and industrially while revitalizing Confucianism. But the time was not yet ripe. The forces of reaction, led by the old Dowager Empress, Tzu Hsi, struck back; Kuang-hsu was deposed and imprisoned, and Tzu Hsi resumed her former position as regent. Six of Kuang-hsu's chief counsellors were executed. K'ang, however, fled to Japan. Thence, up to 1913, he led a wandering life, visiting many places and countries — Hong Kong, Japan, United States, England, Germany, Penang, Singapore, India, Burma, Java, etc. In 1912 he was allowed to return to China. His life from then to 1927 consisted of a series of private sorrows and constant failures in his attempts to reform and modernize Chinese society. But through all sufferings and sorrows he remained constant to his high principles and ideals, a "peak of peaks, deep and clear," as one admirer put it.

His most important work, *Ta T'ung Shu,* was first thought out when he was but a youth of twenty-six. Its main principles were discussed with his students, including the famous Ch'en T'ung-fu and Liang Ch'i-ch'ao,

in his school: the "Thatched Hall in Ten Thousand Trees," near Canton. But the draft was finally completed only in 1902, when K'ang was in Darjeeling. K'ang was now forty-four years old.

The influence of Buddhism, Taoism, Confucianism and the West on *Ta T'ung Shu* is clear. K'ang's starting point was the thesis of Mencius that "men have compassionate natures." Mencius had observed that if a child fell into a well the observers at once felt alarm and distress. Why? Not because they wanted to gain the favours of the child's parents, or the praises of their neighbours and friends, or for any other ulterior reason; but because, by nature, they had "compassionate feelings." And why? K'ang traced this to the very origin of the universe. He postulated that in the beginning there was a vast primal energy-stuff, the creator of Heaven and Earth. This energy-stuff, essentially spiritual, is electricity possessed of consciousness. It activates everything and to whoever possesses consciousness it gives the power of attraction, like that of the magnet. The inability of men to see, unmoved, the sufferings of others is a manifestation of this force of attraction. The existence of this spiritual substance in everyone is the reason why both all-embracing love (*jen*) and wisdom are stored in the mind. The doctrine of "brotherly love" or *jen* is an old Chinese one and similar to such teachings elsewhere in the world. What K'ang added was the speculation about electricity as the primal matter-spirit energy.

But if the nature of man is compassionate and directed towards *jen*, why is the world so imperfect? This is because of various sufferings which form part and parcel of Life itself. K'ang here is thoroughly Buddhist. He classifies and enumerates the sufferings. The sufferings associated with man's physical life are seven: (1) being implanted in the womb, (2) suffering premature death, (3) suffering loss of a limb, (4) being a barbarian, (5) living outside China, (6) being a slave, (7) being a woman. The sufferings associated with natural disasters are eight: (1) famine resulting from flood or drought, (2) epidemic, (3) conflagration, (4) flood, (5) volcanic eruptions, (6) collapse of buildings, (7) shipwreck, (8) locust plagues. The sufferings associated with the human relationship are five: (1) to be a widower or widow, (2) to be orphaned or childless, (3) to be ill and have no one to provide medical care, (4) to suffer poverty, (5) to have a low and mean station in life. The sufferings associated with human institutions are seven: (1) corporal punishment and imprisonment, (2) unjust taxation, (3) military conscription, (4) social stratifications, (5) oppressive institutions, (6) the existence of the state, (7) the existence of the family. The human feelings which

cause sufferings are six: (1) brutish stupidity, (2) hatred, (3) fatigue, (4) lust, (5) attachment to things, (6) desire. The things which cause suffering because of the esteem in which they are held by men are five: (1) wealth, (2) eminent position, (3) longevity, (4) being a ruler, (5) being a god, sage, immortal, or Buddha.

How can mankind get out of this morass of suffering into a world of *jen*? And what can this world of *jen* be? What is the ideal world? K'ang here makes use of another concept about human nature. The nerves of the brain react favourably to those objects which suit it, unfavourably to those which do not. In more popular terms, men try to get pleasure and avoid pain in all their actions. Even the painful activities carried out by ascetics or self-sacrificing heroes are for the purpose of obtaining greater pleasure through lesser pain. This pleasure-pain concept leads to the principle: "Whatever is injurious (painful) to man is wrong; whatever is not injurious is right." This gives us the objectives of a world ruled by *jen*. We can now draw the picture of an ideal world and see how best it can be attained.

We come back to the sufferings. According to K'ang they can be classified into nine groups; and the world of *jen* can be established by abolishing these nine groups of suffering, having always in mind the underlying principle of "whatever is injurious to man is wrong, whatever is not injurious is right," in working out the detailed objectives. The first of the nine groups of sufferings is that of the nation — the political divisions between lands and peoples; the second, that of class; the third, of race; the fourth, of sex; the fifth, of family — father, son, husband, wife, etc.; the sixth, of occupation; the seventh, of unjust institutions: the eighth, of species — the demarcation between men, birds, beasts insects, and fish; the ninth is that of the fact of suffering itself, the suffering which begets further suffering!

K'ang finds the solution to the problem of human happiness in abolishing the nine groups of suffering. First, the abolishing of national boundaries and uniting the world. Second, the abolition of class boundaries and equalization of all peoples. Third, the elimination of racial boundaries and the amalgamation of different races of mankind. Fourth, the abolition of sex boundaries, and the establishment of absolutely equal rights between men and women. Fifth, the abolition of family boundaries, and the becoming of "Heaven's people." Sixth, the abolition of livelihood boundaries, and making occupations public. Seventh, the abolition of political disorder and administrative boundaries. Eighth, the elimination of differing species or boundaries of kind, and the extension

of love to all living things. And finally, the abolition of boundaries of suffering and the attainment of utmost happiness.

K'ang was certain that the world of *jen* could be achieved. In this belief he was fortified by his interpretation of Confucius, especially of the *Spring and Autumn Annals*. In this book Confucius preached the "Doctrine of the Three Ages." First there is the Age of Disorder. Then of Approaching Peace. And finally of Universal Peace. Confucius himself lived, according to K'ang, in the Age of Disorder. In K'ang's own time he saw Europe and America, through vast changes, evolving towards the Age of Approaching Peace. And he saw the vision of the Age of Universal Peace, when there will be no longer any nation, no racial distinction, and customs everywhere will be the same. K'ang did not confine himself to vague dreams. He gave a concrete picture of this world, a world to be brought about by following his programme of the abolition of the nine groups of sufferings.

What does the ideal world of K'ang look like? K'ang postulated that in two hundred to three hundred years' time a world state would emerge, the final result of a series of amalgamations of states, themselves the outcome of wars and disarmament conferences. There would be no "nation" then. The whole world would be divided into 3,000 administrative squares or "degree governments," each bounded by degrees of latitude and longitude. The degree governments would have assemblies elected through universal suffrage. These assemblies would rule the degree regions but there would be no political parties or political leaders. The actual local self-governing units would consist of farms, factories and stores. There would be a world parliament, also elected by universal suffrage. The world parliament and the degree parliaments would exist only to ensure equality and efficient planning on a world-wide scale. Otherwise power would be decentralized.

Anti-social behaviour would be treated by "dishonouring the name." Only if one plotted to revive the State, or military forces, would there be punishment by imprisonment.

Throughout the world there would be a universal language, a universal calendar and a universal system of weights and measures.

Through migration and intermarriage there would be only one race throughout the world. Class distinctions would disappear. Women would enjoy the same rights as men, perform the same tasks, and even wear the same dress. Marriages would be for one-year periods only initially, renewable for as long as the partners choose to agree. The family will

disappear. The functions of the family would be performed by state-operated nurseries, schools, hospitals, old-age homes, etc. People would live in huge air-conditioned public apartments and eat in common dining halls seating thousands of persons. K'ang is in favour of vegetarianism. But at the same time he is not unsympathetic to man-made synthetic foods.

Employment would be assured to everyone. All enterprises — agriculture, industrial production and commerce — will be "commonized." Honours will go to those who help to advance the arts and the sciences and to those who are outstanding for their *jen* (goodness) in every sphere of life. The competitive instincts of man will be channelized into constructive action.

In this world the most important people will be the doctors. This will be so as the maintenance of health and hygiene would be the really weighty tasks. Everyone would be examined daily.

K'ang postulates that in a world full of *jen,* institutional religions would wither away. First Christianity and Islam, and then Confucianism. K'ang was a Confucianist but held that in his world the historic work of Confucianism would have been completed. Men would then turn to Taoism and after this to the "higher wisdom" of Buddhism. This will also give place to a state of things where minds will "roam in Heaven."

Such is the remarkable world of K'ang sketched in very bald outline indeed. It is significant that K'ang used the same word, *Kung ch'an,* for "common production" as the rulers of China today do for "communism."

K'ang's philosophizing is remarkable for its mixture of Chinese and Western Utopian thinking. He believes in Confucius' Three Ages, in Mencius' view of human nature, in Taoism, etc. At the same time he is a fervent believer in science, technology and universal progress. His *Ta T'ung Shu* differs from Plato's *Republic* or More's *Utopia* or Butler's *Erewhon* by giving a much more detailed blueprint of future human society.

Along with much astuteness and liberality of views, K'ang combines strange *naïveté* and pride of race. He seems to believe, for instance, that the ultimate universal language will be Chinese. He also seems to have a sense of colour, lumping the white and yellow races as superior to the brown and black ones. He visualizes the latter two being swept away from the earth. He seriously advocates the wholesale movement of black

races to Canada, Sweden, Norway, etc. — so that they might become fairer! His ideas about the removal of all distinctions between men, birds and beasts is obscure. So are his speculations about the abolition of the very concept of suffering and the "roaming in Heaven."

But after everything has been taken into account no unbiased person will refuse to admit that the book *Ta T'ung Shu* is of fundamental importance. Not only as an example of China's intellectual response to the challenge of the West, but, much more important, as a freeing and liberating work which widens our horizons and makes us think on an altogether higher level of historical consciousness than is common even today.

OROON GHOSH

---

THE evil of egoism, of a man regarding himself as the centre of everything, does not come from his unduly high opinion of himself, nor from his claim to unconditional importance and immeasurable worth. Since every individual human being can ultimately become perfect and, at any moment here and now, can receive absolute truth into his mind and introduce it into his life, he cannot be valued too highly. Seen rightly, every man has an absolute importance and value; he is irreplaceable, and therefore of immeasurable worth. (Is it not said in the Gospel: What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?) The failure of a man to recognize his own unconditional importance would be equivalent to his abdication from the dignity of man. Here is the root of all error, and the death of all faith. For how can a creature so poor and weak that it has lost faith even in itself, find the courage to believe in anything? No, the basic lie and evil do not come from the individual's self-awareness and self-esteem. They come from his unwillingness to extend to others the recognition of an absolute worth rightly perceived by him in himself, but wrongly refused to others when, seeing himself exclusively as a central fact in life, he banishes all others to the outer edge of his own existence, and ascribes to them only an accidental value dependent on himself.

—VLADIMIR SOLOVIEV

# RADIANT LIFE

[**Mr. Pierce Egan** has had an unusual life. Born in England of Irish parents, he went through the War years as a non-combatant, found wide experience in several vocations, especially as teacher of languages and writer, married an Iranian lady of a well-known family of Meshed, and now lives in Cyprus. His chief interests are mysticism and comparative religion, and he writes himself a lover of these and of mankind. The very lucid thoughts on the Self and its destiny, the need to subordinate our partial unruly consciousness to the fullness of the inner Self and yet the correlative need to fail not in our work in the world — these should provoke careful thought; there is in them a fine liberality combined with earnest awareness of spiritual needs.—Ed.]

Dare you go forward in life depending solely upon your own powers?

Few people can answer with a positive "Yes" to this question, and a majority are influenced by the advice of parents or of friends; by the ministrations of doctors and physicians, or the need to seek support, comfort and reassurance from this or that school of mental or psychic study — to say nothing of concern for what others may think!

Yet the bold truth is that *all power* lies within each one of us: in you and I, in him and her — in everybody. This power for self-fulfilment may be tapped directly by the individual and does not need the interposition of either doctor or teacher. It only needs our own steadfast courage to look deep within our soul and draw forth its radiant light.

How can this be done?

By "letting go," a complete mental and psychical relaxation — possibly the most difficult thing in the world to achieve in all its fullness. But first there must be developed an acute consciousness of self, in order that this may be relinquished, preceded by a more vivid awareness of what that "self" is. These are three radical stages along the road of self-development.

I. Self-Examination. Man has become so fascinated with the wonders modern science has revealed to him that he is largely unconscious of the even more marvellous system concealed within himself. What is this "self," this I, this, say, John Smith? A mass of bones and organs enclosed in skin, upon which a suit of clothes is draped? No! A minute's thought will convince us that we are not the body. We can view all that happens to us, and even bear the pain we may be called upon to suffer, while yet remaining apart from it. Then are we Mind? Again, it does not take long to see that we cannot be; thoughts pass

before us like photographs on a screen, but there is a watcher within who can regard both the thinker and the thought, and who can be brought to the level of consciousness, after a little practice and meditation, in any individual. The same is true of the emotions. If we say that mind is the faculty of thinking, however, we are closer to the mark — but only if we limit thought to the one vital thought of self-recognition: "I am."

Mystics and psychologists go deep into the subconscious and obtain more detail about the "true self," but still they do not define its reality, its exact nature. For our present purpose it is enough to say that the self or soul is in character a simple element, and, as such, indestructible. If we remain aware of our real nature, we obtain an entirely different perspective regarding life and the order of importance in which things may be placed.

II. Self-Concern. This can be best expressed as the concern of the higher self for the tools it uses, the organs through which it functions, for the lower self, in its two aspects of body and mind.

Such concern involves each one of us in a critical consideration of what we feel to be the purpose of life and what steps we propose to take in order to play our part in harmony with a life that is universal.

Our previous self-consideration will have established that we are not the body; therefore our purpose in life will have been elevated above the pursuit of material satisfactions for their own sake. It will have also convinced us that our true self is above the mind, and we can now begin to get a glimmer of the greatest secret in the world: the goal of life!

"Life," as far as we are personally and subjectively concerned with it, consists in our response — negative or positive — to phenomena; our feelings about such phenomena and the changes we may make in ourselves as a result of experience. Life is, ultimately, a school of experience, and its true purpose the building of a noble, pure, radiant, spiritual, philosophic — use whatever term you please — character. The best means we have of accomplishing this — the one that, through all history, has produced those characters that have been regarded as models of human greatness — is by concern for our neighbour, and the establishment of as much social harmony as lies within our power over as wide a field as possible. The Golden Rule of all religions, "love thy neighbour as thyself," is just this.

In addition, of course, life on earth has to be lived fully; we cannot opt out, and life as a hermit dwarfs and does not enlarge the character.

The thousand and one problems and decisions of every day have to be made, the future provided for to some extent, and allowance made for the eternal unexpected. Yet, possessing this deeper knowledge of our own essence, and being able to select aims and goals that are of lasting value, we need never be deluded by the transient and ephemeral propaganda of materialism. At this point we arrive at the last stage of our journey.

III. SELF-FORGETFULNESS. Having discovered so many "supernatural" qualities in ourselves and seeing, too, that Nature and the universe are in the grip of a mighty law, it is impossible for us to accept the hypothesis that the part possesses qualities of which the whole is deprived. That being so, a conscious, almighty power — most people call it "God" — is an essential premise; for without such a reality nothing would be able to exist.

The qualities God generates in each stage of creation are different. In the mineral, cohesion; in the vegetable, growth; in the animal, sense-perception. But in man a new quality exists — that of love; not only personal love, but the capacity to love God Himself. This is the foundation of order, progress and advancement in the world of humanity, and it is because this basic reason for existence is so largely forgotten today that the moral and social fabric of the nations is disintegrating. Each one of us who becomes aware of this master-purpose in life can be a beacon of light, hope and affection in his own circle, sending out rays of positive living that will extend their influence all over the world.

We must take care not to become proud; not to feel superior because we have climbed a little higher up the mountain than our brother. Philosophy will aid us here. If action be right, then that very rightness need be the only reason for executing it and is all the reward we require for so doing. We cease to be caught up in the scheming pettiness of "Who's to be the first?," and place our hand in the Hand of God, accepting everything that comes as an opportunity for service. Sure of our goal, confident of the future, detached from the appearances of life and holding steadfastly to its kernel and essential purpose, we have "let go" — and in that relaxed, unworried state, seeing the good in all and any bad there may be as only the privation of good; constantly striving to achieve our best, but not limited by the desire for any preconceived result, our life has become, and will stay, for ever radiant!

PIERCE EGAN

---

# "THE COMING RACE"

[**Mr. Roger Lancelyn Green** is an author sufficiently distinguished in his calling not to need further introduction. We have pleasure in welcoming to THE ARYAN PATH's pages this well-known author, critic, and above all perfect re-teller of old legends for modern young people.

In this article he unfolds the various strands of prophecy, satire and human wisdom that make Bulwer Lytton's late novel *The Coming Race* a work to be amazed by and pondered over.—ED.]

"HE missed being in the first rank of novelists," wrote Andrew Lang of Bulwer Lytton, "and the bloom is very early off the rye of novelists who fall short of that rank."

To a great extent Lang was right, and Lytton is now unread, and remembered only when his most notable historical romance, *The Last Days of Pompeii* (1834), is used for the basis of a film — each time at one remove further from its original. Even *Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings* (1848) is no more than a name; and who has heard of *A Strange Story* (1862), of which Lang wrote in 1912 "there is no better romance of the supernormal," or of *Kenelm Chillingly* (1873), the only novel which moved Rider Haggard to tears?

References to Lytton in histories of literature simply speak of him as an example of the ponderous historical fiction popular a hundred years ago, so soon to be superseded by the lighter touch of Stevenson and his contemporaries — and now unreadable except by students plodding painfully through the undergrowth to explore and map the period. His best, and most uncharacteristic book, the surprising venture at the end of his life into what we now call science fiction, called *The Coming Race* (1871), is seldom even mentioned.

Yet it was so well known nearly thirty years after publication that Kipling could refer casually to "the levin-rods of the Vril-ya" in one of his articles in the daily press collected as *A Fleet in Being* (1898); and at much the same time a new beef extract, still in familiar daily use all over the world, could be called "Bovril" (*i.e.*, life-force from beef, combining the Greek *Bos* with Lytton's *Vril*).

*The Coming Race* seems to have faded out of memory in the years between the wars, though it was obtainable until 1939 in the World's Classics edition, where it shared a volume with the best of his shorter stories, *The Haunted and the Haunters* (1857). Had it survived less than ten years longer, its readers would have found in it an astonishing prediction come true, when the first atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima.

For Vril is the nearest approach to atomic energy in early science fiction, and Lytton's Coming Race, the Vril-ya — those who possessed *Vril* — found themselves faced with the present world-situation of the arms-race and found a solution which, on a rather different level, most nations today seem to be stumbling towards in the dangerous darkness that could precede some such Utopian dawn as Lytton prophesied.

His tale appeared anonymously, told in the first person by the hero, a young American mining engineer who fell down the shaft of a mine and found himself in a world inhabited by a people whose knowledge and habits of life had progressed far beyond anything even imagined in 1870 by those who lived on the outer surface of this globe.

As is usual with stories of Utopias or "other worlds," most of the book is taken up with careful descriptions of the Vril-ya, their way of life, their mechanical inventions, buildings, even their language. And many of the conversations between the narrator (who is called "Tish," or "Little Frog," by his hosts) and several of the Vril-ya are of a satirical nature: Tish extolling the civilization of the United States at the stage which it had reached by the middle of the nineteenth century, and the wise Vril-ya comparing all that he tells them with their own early ages of barbarism, or with that of the few savage tribes still living in distant parts of the world within the Earth.

The whole civilization of the Vril-ya turns on the knowledge, possession and use of *Vril,* which is described at some length when the narrator is instructed by the beautiful princess Zee, "who, as an erudite professor in the College of Sages, had studied such matters more diligently than any other member of my host's family." *Vril*

> is capable of being raised and disciplined into the mightiest agency over all forms of matter, animate and inanimate. It can destroy like the flash of lightning; yet, differently applied, it can replenish or invigorate life . . . and on it they chiefly rely for the cure of disease, or rather for enabling the physical organization to re-establish the due equilibrium of its natural powers, and thereby to cure itself. By this agency they rend way through the most solid substances, and open valleys for culture through the rocks of their subterranean wilderness. From it they extract the light which supplies their lamps, finding it steadier, softer, and healthier than the other inflammable materials they had formerly used.

The effects of *Vril* were, however, most remarkable in their influence on the social polity of the Vril-ya. As its use and application

> became familiarly known and skilfully administered, war between the *Vril*-discoverers ceased, for they brought the art of destruction to such

perfection as to annul all superiority in numbers, discipline, or military skill. The fire lodged in the hollow of a rod directed by the hand of a child could shatter the strongest fortress, or cleave its burning way from the van to the rear of an embattled host. If army met army, and both had command of this agency, it could be but to the annihilation of each. The age of war was therefore gone, but with the cessation of war other effects bearing upon the social state soon became apparent. Man was so completely at the mercy of man, each whom he encountered being able to slay him on the instant, that all notions of government by force gradually vanished from political systems and forms of law . . . now there was no longer either the necessity of self-preservation or the pride of aggrandisement to make one state desire to preponderate in population over another.

The Vril-ya, therefore, divided themselves into small communities of about twelve thousand, and built their cities, using *Vril* for light, heat and most of their labour. In course of time they outgrew all the worries and emotions of ordinary mortals, living placidly for a century or so, and dying without pain or the discomforts of old age, serene in their certainty of a future life. This they believed to be a reincarnation, though in what form or where they left to the will of the All-Good, convinced both of His existence and of the impossibility for mortal man of learning anything about the likeness or will of the Supreme Being.

They needed virtually no government, for they possessed all that was needed, and had reduced passion to a logical process. They did, however, elect "a single supreme magistrate styled Tur," with "a Council of Sages" to debate on the well-being of the community at large. For there were still "the ruder tribes without the pale of the Vril-ya" and if they showed any signs of causing trouble would be ruthlessly exterminated without any danger:—

. . . on the report of some observer in an air-boat, any member of the *Vril* department can estimate unerringly the nature of intervening obstacles, the height to which the projectile instrument should be raised, and the extent to which it should be charged, so as to reduce to ashes within a space of time too short for me to venture to specify, a capital twice as vast as London.

It will be obvious, even from these few quotations, that whether intentionally or not, Lytton had postulated a steady spiritual progress in his Coming Race. And on the surface his story seems to be one of the simple Utopian variety where such a postulate must be made and accepted tacitly.

Again, taking the story for its value as imaginative romance, we

cannot but echo Rider Haggard's lament when listing *The Coming Race* as one of his two favourite works of fiction (the other being Dickens's historical novel *A Tale of Two Cities*):—

> Both these books I can read again and again, and with an added pleasure. Only my delight in the last is always marred afresh by disgust at the behaviour of the hero, who, in order to return to this dull earth, put away the queenly Zee's love.

For Tish felt himself overawed and terrified by the superhuman personality of the Vril-ya sage Zee, and scorned her love for that of the less exalted sister of his child friend Tae — on account of which Tae was commanded to exterminate him painlessly with his Vril-staff, and he was only saved by Zee, who, scorning jealousy, carried him back to the mine from which he came, and closed the passage between them for ever.

Possibly Haggard, with his own romantic preconceptions, did not realize the subtle satire that lurks throughout *The Coming Race*. "It is no crime to slay those who threaten the good of the community," says Tae; yet the state is not one of socialism such as we know or dream of it, for the Vril-ya are always ready to exterminate democracy when they come across it.

> Koom-Posh is their name for the government of the many, or the ascendancy of the most ignorant or hollow [we are told]. Koom-Posh may be loosely rendered "Hollow-Bosh." But when Democracy or Koom-Posh degenerates from popular ignorance into that popular passion or ferocity which precedes its decease, as (to cite illustrations from the upper world) during the French Reign of Terror, or for the fifty years of the Roman Republic preceding the ascendancy of Augustus, their name for that state of things is Glek-Nas . . . [which] may be construed, "the universal strife-rot."

Throughout the book democracy and the popular politics of the United States and of the more advanced European countries are satirized with the remorseless insight of an author who had spent most of his life in Parliament. And few other follies of the age are spared either, from exaggerated Darwinism to extreme Biblical Fundamentalism.

With so much satire of the peoples crawling on the outer crust of this Earth, it seems natural to take the book at its face value as a simple Utopia — and share in Haggard's scorn of the miserable Tish who was longing to get back to the world he knew.

But a careful reading will show that Lytton is fighting fairly. By

the end of the book the world of the Vril-ya has come to seem as empty and soul-destroying as any that have been pictured, from Percy Greg's *Across the Zodiac* (1880) to George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (1950). If the Vril-ya have no use for Koom-Posh, they are equally contemptuous of Glaubs (poetry) and all other art-forms, except dancing, which is retained for the sake of exercise. "Do you not perceive," remarks Aph-Lin to the poor Tish, "that a literature such as you mean would be wholly incompatible with that perfection of social or political felicity at which you do us the honour to think we have arrived?" And the Vril-ya arrived at no substitute: even philosophy (Pah-bodh, or "stuff-and-nonsense") was frowned upon, and theological speculation forbidden.

The background to the satire is given by the Earl of Lytton in the short biography of his grandfather published in 1948:—

> *The Coming Race* was not merely a story of adventure, such as might have been written by Jules Verne or H. G. Wells — it had a definite political object. At that date (just after the Franco-Prussian War) there was much talk in advanced political circles of universal peace, the brotherhood of man, equality of all kinds, the dignity of labour, the mechanization of industry, etc. Lord Lytton (he had been raised to the Peerage in 1866) was rather scornful of all these radical panaceas, and he set himself to imagine a community of human beings in which they were all realized — not here and there by a few specially gifted people, but universally and of necessity — and to demonstrate what the result would be. . . . The first object of the book was achieved by the conclusive evidence which it contains that all the radical panaceas conceived by the most ardent idealist were completely realized by the Vril-ya. The second object was demonstrated by the boredom and fear which gradually overwhelmed the young American who accidentally found himself among this most enlightened, but terrible community. It was an inevitable consequence of the existence of *Vril* in every individual that all human emotions which might conflict with the well-being of another had to be eliminated. Passion, hatred, jealousy, ambition — in fact all feelings other than that of cheerful subservience to the general welfare — would lead to the instantaneous elimination of the individual expressing them. From such a society, in spite of its admirable efficiency, the young American was glad to escape as soon as an opportunity could be found.

In spite of his professed intentions, the book ran away with Lytton, as works even of minor genius have a way of doing. The world of the Vril-ya is so closely and powerfully imagined that we can find hope in it as well as warning, a summit to be achieved as well as a pit to be

avoided, as we struggle from the Koom-Posh of our distracted world towards an A-Vril, a True Civilization for which the spiritual values have not been sacrificed.

ROGER LANCELYN GREEN

---

GRATITUDE or thankfulness is another virtue of great lustre, and so esteemed by God and all good men. It is an acknowledgment of benefits received, to the honour of those that confer them. It is indeed a noble sort of justice, with this difference though, that since benefits exceed justice, the tie is greater to be thankful than to be just; and consequently there is something baser in ingratitude than injustice. So that though you are not obliged by law to repay, your virtue, honour, and humanity naturally pledge you to be thankful, and by how much the less you are under external ties, consider your inward ties so much the stronger.

—WILLIAM PENN

# THORNTON WILDER

[**Shri K. Viswanatham** must be remembered by our readers for his impressive contributions on the *Shakuntala* and on Tragedy. In this long study, of which we print below the first part, he examines the novels and plays of Thornton Wilder. This part deals especially with the novels. Shri Viswanatham is concerned particularly with Wilder's strange quality of being at once American and at home "wherever he uncaps his pen." He studies Wilder clearly and persuasively as "the novelist of morals as distinguished from the novelist of manners."—Ed.]

## I

Literature is an orchestration of platitudes.—Wilder

Imagine the face of Philip or Alexander, wrote Arnold long ago, at hearing of a Primer of Macedonian Literature; there is only Greek literature. There is of course English literature. Is there anything like American literature? Good American is good English. You cannot write bad English and say it is American English. Culturally America is John Bull's other island, a colony of Europe.

The remark is ascribed to Shaw that England and America are two countries separated by the same language. When we hear English spoken by the Americans then we fear for its integrity, wrote Basil Selincourt. The one foreign language from which English has suffered, says an authority, in recent times is American English. The Germ theorists ignore the Americanness; the frontier theorists shut their eyes to the Europeanness. Hence both Palefaces and Redskins wage a futile fight like the knights in the story near the gold-and-silver statue. Linguistically the battle was fought between Webster and Pickering. Now Americanism (as coined for the first time by Witherspoon) is an established fact in the family of languages, in the republic of letters.

All this has to be mentioned not as a commentary on American Literature (inaccurately called American) but as a prelude to Wilder. In a sense Wilder is not an American at all; he is the most European of American novelists. In a sense he is not a novelist at all but a most interesting story-teller. He is not just a story-teller but America's most popular playwright. *Our Town* is more frequently produced, it seems, than any other. *The Skin of Our Teeth* had a historic success in Central Europe. *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* had a sale of three lakhs of copies. He gained the Pulitzer Prize thrice; he was awarded the Gold Medal of the National Institute. His very popularity seems to have prejudiced

his critics against him. Malcolm Cowley in a very fine preface to *A Thornton Wilder Trio* tries to account for the sad neglect of this excellent writer. Wilder has not been taken up as material for doctoral theses in the States — a country where, as Lin Yutang puts it breezily, you can get a doctorate for counting the hairs in a square inch of a rabbit's skin.

In modern English literature we have two similar puzzles: the Maugham enigma and the Forster puzzle. Does Maugham never cease? Why did Forster put the cap on his pen? One is supposed to be quantity minus quality; the other quality minus quantity. If Maugham's life is prefaced by "Nothing succeeds like success," his various achievement is signed by "Nothing fails like success." Maugham's blaze of popularity and round of success have demoralized his critics who think that there is the stamp and superscription of genius on what is caviare to the general and what is multitudinously successful is 100% vulgar. Shaw remarked that a book which was read by nine-tenths of the people deserved to be burnt. We have a secret distaste of others' success and a secret pleasure out of others' failures. The public laps Wilder as a cat laps milk and panditry asks: Can a popular judge, a popular novelist, and Cæsar's wife be above suspicion? Wilder's fatal facility fails in felicity and his brash brightness burns not with beauty — according to critics.

Wilder is like Maugham in his popularity; he is like Forster in his output and quality. Artistic integrity is not sicklied over the pale cast of popularity. The name of Wilder means to the reading public the author of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*; it was hailed as the work of a genius. Arnold Bennett said: "The writing has not been surpassed in the present epoch. It dazzled me by its accomplishment." *The Cabala* is an album of brilliantly etched characters. Wilder is the biographer of individuals, not the historian of a group. It is a rich and finished book. *The Woman of Andros* is a gracious pastoral novel about Greece in the first century. *Heaven is My Destination* is brilliant and sharp. It is recommended to all Indians. It is given to an American to write a fine novel about Gandhism; it is regrettable that no Indian has succeeded in writing a great poem or a successful novel about Gandhiji. The U.S.I.S. should sufficiently publicize this book. It is a remarkable feat of Wilder that he makes Brush's essential saintliness moving; Brush makes converts of us all. Of all forms of genius goodness has the longest awkward age. The book seems to be meant for Indians; one fears the Western reading public fails to appreciate this saintliness when it compares Brush with Don Quixote; it is an unintelligent comparison unless

we hold that all saints are Don Quixotes in a way. Just as the stupid and unimaginative Chorus in a Greek tragedy fails to hep-hep-hurrah the Hero, we cannot size up Brush. His goodness undoes him. He rides in a Jimcrow car to establish racial equality and gets incarcerated. By causing a run on the Bank which he regards as immoral, he gets incarcerated a second time. A third time he helps a hold-up man and gets incarcerated. He tells a lie and goes to the friend the next day to tell him that he uttered a lie, strikes Bill Cronin for insulting Miss Simmons and repents for the breach of pacifism, writes Bible mottos on blotters, reproves women who smoke. The tenth chapter is a moving one; even Judge Carberry is changed; he advises him to go slow; we are reminded of Gandhiji's trial after the Chauri-chaura happenings when a great Judge spontaneously rose from his seat to honour the culprit. The Mother Superior of a convent in Ohio paid fine tribute to the work: she said it was an allegory of the stages of spiritual life. Cunliffe at the end of his book on the literature of the United States writes: "One would like to see more novels of the type of Wilder's *Heaven is My Destination*." *The Ides of March* is a Roman triumph, a noble tremendous book, a *tour de force*. It is of the Seven Hills, one critic says, but belongs to the Seven Seas. *The Skin of Our Teeth* is the dramatic allegory of the present age; it is a modern Everyman Play. And *Our Town* has been always a favourite of the amateur companies.

The chorus of praise counters a nipping east wind of criticism. Critics find in *Cabala* precious writing; it is all done wrong, according to one. *The Woman of Andros* is said to be mawkish and pale; it ends hastily. The breath of the characters in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* (says one) won't disturb a feather; his figures are clothed in chlorine. Wilder was even denounced for making fun of sacred things as even Shaw was reproved by Tolstoy. *The Skin of Our Teeth* is incomprehensible to some. The plays lack any real bite. If the new Humanists hailed him as a New Prophet a most blistering attack was made by Michael Gold in 1930 in the *New Republic*. Wilder seems to turn a Nelson eye to the heartbreak and misery of this world, the passion and death of the coal miners, stock broker suicides or labour racketeers and child slaves of the beet fields and the cotton mills. The Americans are duped and doped and deceived by pictures of far-off Peru and Greece. The pathos and beauty of exotic lands of imagination may be a sedative for sick Americans; so runs the impeachment.

But let us be thankful for what the Gods have given us. If we quarrel with Jane Austen's two square inches of ivory we are asking

of the authoress what she is not prepared to give, perhaps cannot give also. A mere economic interpretation leads to sorry results just as the "agricultural" interpretation of the *Ramayana* by the earlier Orientalists seems to us a sad mockery and travesty of a great poem. Calling one names does not explain; it is not even effective abuse; labelling Wilder as a midbrow is suspension of judgment.

The uniqueness of Wilder is that he is different from all other American writers as Malcolm Cowley explains so unimpeachably. He is an American whose home is wherever he uncaps his pen. He is not tied to any particular region as Hemingway is to Michigan Wood, as Faulkner to Mississippi, as Wolfe to North Caroline Mts., and Scott Fitzgerald to Summit Avenue. He represents continuity and tradition. He is not afraid of acknowledging borrowings; his creative activity is a series of infatuations for older writers. *The Bridge* owes something to Merimee; *The Woman of Andros* is based on a comedy of Terence (which is derived from Menander). *Finnegans Wake* is the source of *The Skin of Our Teeth. The Matchmaker* plagiarizes unashamedly an English playwright and a continental one (a German dramatist) and Wilder points out to us where Molière was cut out in the acting version. He is not a victim of isms; his is the classic ideal. It is very difficult to convince others, writes Professor Baugh, that Americans can express themselves without using slang. Here is Wilder whose pages read like the Spectator Essays. He is more Greek than American, more Roman than Greek, more Augustan than Roman. He is the inheritor of eighteenth-century prose and the heir of the Transcendentalists: Addison and Emerson explain him to us. It is suggested that the concentration on the eighteenth century at Yale, when he was there, was responsible for moulding Wilder. He is the novelist of morals as distinguished from the novelist of manners; the latter deals with a group and the former with individuals. He is quite happy whereas others flaunt the bleeding pageantry of their hearts. Is he of the family of Dr. Pangloss?

In other words Wilder is a great unsocial and anti-historical novelist. He is the artist of anachronism; he abolishes time and space. Of course it is not just correct to say with Cowley that he abolishes time. What he abolishes is man-made division of time into past, present and future. No artist can abolish time and exist. And if we have some understanding of Count Keyserling's *Philosophy of History* we cannot with any attempt at truth say glibly that Wilder is the artist of anachronism. "I am sure," writes Keyserling, "there are still Chaldeans, Sumerians, Phœnicians; only it is difficult to discover them. . . . This world is filled

by ghosts. And they are abroad most noisily where their existence is denied most definitely." In a later context of *Travel Diary of a Philosopher* he relates an experience which can be regarded as a relevant commentary on Wilder: "Fundamentally it seemed to me as if I were no longer confined to Space. It was that strange condition of externalization which I have only known on the verge of death when an intense consciousness of existence goes hand in hand with the volatility of reality." Wilder ranges from the Ice Age to the Atomic, from the Andes to the Isles of Greece. He is a student of archæology who sees fragments of earlier civilization similar to our own, not a historian believing in continual and irreversible change. On the roaring loom of time like a swift shuttle he flies to and fro. The Rome of 45 B.C. is the New York of 2,000 years later; Grovers Corners of New Hampshire is another Herculaneum. In *The Skin of Our Teeth* the telegraph boy rubs shoulders with the dinosaur and the mammoth. Henry is Cain and Napoleon; Noah's Flood is figured in the million-dollar pier, Atlantic City.

A well-known saying of Wilder expresses the man pithily: "Literature is the orchestration of platitudes." Some books live because they contain permanent truths and any one can restate them. Literature deals with tremendous commonplaces. Every great book, he says in another context, is written this morning. There is nothing new under the sun. Keats's celebrated Beauty is Truth and Truth Beauty is a commonplace from Plato downwards; only in the hands of Keats it achieves inevitability, finality, definitiveness. Wilder would thoroughly approve of Pope's "What oft was thought but never so well expressed." Who steals my purse steals trash — cannot be applied to Literature and Love. Wilder repeats himself unhesitatingly. Captain Alvarado in *The Bridge* and the crippled navigator Philocles in *The Woman of Andros* are described in exactly the same words: "His eyes are used to seizing the appearance of a constellation between a cloud and a cloud and the outline of a cape in rain." In *The Skin of Our Teeth* the great philosophers are characterized as hours: Spinoza is 9 o'clock, Plato 10, Aristotle 11, and the Bible 12 o'clock. Ivy observes wisely: "Just as stars and hours go over us, ideas and thoughts by great men are in the air all round us." We may remember that Mr. Antrobus's telegram to his wife directs her to burn everything except Shakespeare; his Brush is a lover of *King Lear*. Wilder has a style characterized by vitality, zest for life, direct and sharp. Look at the fine openings of his books:—

> It was Virgil's country and there was a wind that seemed to rise from the fields and descend upon us with a long Virgilian sigh. (*Cabala*)

On Friday afternoon July 20, 1714, the finest bridge in all Peru broke and precipitated five travellers into the gulf below. (*The Bridge*)

The Earth sighed as it turned in its course; the shadow of night crept along the Mediterranean and Asia was left in darkness. (*The Woman of Andros*)

They have the rightness of authority. His characterization is sharp and suggestive. Bogard in *Cabala* is thus etched: "His face was delicately tinted by exquisite reading and expensive food. His eyelids and hands fluttered like petals about to fall upon the breeze." Keats in *Cabala* is awfully "adjectival"; that single word seems in a way to sum up Keats. Calpurnia in *The Ides* says about Cæsar: "I find a new husband every day" — a magnificent tribute from a wife to a husband's versatile and multi-faceted genius comparable in its subtle suggestion to the Countess': "In delivering my son from me I bury a second husband."

It is Wilder's vitality, zest for life, a sense of mystery that makes him impatient with sceneries and theatrical properties. He brings in stage properties only to laugh at them. This crusade for reality replacing verisimilitude blunts the edge of his plays. The audience, the stage manager, the actors and the actresses act and live simultaneously; there are free exchanges and interferences. Sabina is Miss Somerset and Sabina at the same time. The action is interrupted to inform the audience that some actors are in the hospital. This is outrageous in one way and in this Wilder is largely indebted to the Noh Plays of Japan.

K. VISWANATHAM

(*To be concluded*)

---

THE PRESENT STATE of the world calls for a moral and spiritual revolution, revolution in the name of personality, of man, of every single person. This revolution . . . should place the value of human personality above the idols of production, technics, the state, the race or nationality.

—BERDYAEV

# ANOTHER BLUE DAY

[**Miss Elizabeth Cross** has contributed to our pages many articles of sound information and surpassing good sense on the question of education, especially of the younger children. This is another. She has title to speak with authority, since she has been a Froebel-trained teacher for many years; taught for six years at Bertrand Russell's coeducational Boarding School; has travelled; and has written on her subject. Where she bids us take heart we may take heart indeed. The great hope of human improvement after all is that what the elders attain with labour and pain can, with wise treatment of the young, be imparted to the latter so that it becomes second nature. Miss Cross describes some charming episodes among children wisely taught.—Ed.]

> See, here hath been dawning another blue day.
> Think! Wilt thou let it slip useless away?
> Out of Eternity this new day is born,
> Into Eternity at night will return.

This quotation expresses, I believe, the faith of a large number of teachers all over the world. It expresses a faith in Today, and also in the unknown and unknowable past and future. Somehow or other, whatever our official religion (or some might say, lack of one) we have faith in Good — good deeds, good works of art, good creative activities. And the quotation does more than express our own faith; it also defines our aim for our pupils.

So often quite young people profess to be puzzled about what they call "modern education," as if it were something extremely new and different from anything they had experienced themselves. I just don't believe all their horror tales, about sitting still, no talking, punishments and so on. I think it is just one of those things people like to pretend about . . . that they have undergone startling hardships and that it would be all to the good if the next generation did the same. Certainly there have been dull and stupid schools run by equally dull and stupid teachers, and no doubt there will be similar ones in the future; but that does not mean that all past methods were bad, or that they were so very different, in essence, from present ones.

However, just to clear the air *and* to provide subject for argument, here is a brief account of my particular teaching aims, and those of many of my colleagues.

First of all we want to get the children busy. Yes, "active," if you like. Lots of people dismiss the idea of activity because some over-

enthusiasts have put capital letters to "Activity Methods" and used it to cover any old state of confusion, play in the worst sense of the word, noise, laxity and "Do as you please." Activity, from the point of view of the child, means that he or she is definitely learning by trying to do something for himself, instead of passively listening or watching. The very young child is usually physically active nearly the whole of his school day. He learns to count by sorting out materials, helping with the dinner money, or by "playing at shops." He learns to read by actually making little books or notices for his handwork. He learns to write at the same time. A wise teacher varies her methods from week to week, discovering the strange enthusiasms of her class and the individual children. However hard and discouraging the work may be, now and then there is a wonderful moment when you can look up from helping some child in difficulty and see, before you, about forty happy, *good* children, all extremely busy and making real efforts to do the job of the moment just as well as they can. True it does not happen often, for in an average class you have at least five awkward customers who have a temporary grudge against life because of home conditions or hereditary qualities and who are going to take it out of you and their companions.

Just before Christmas I had such a moment . . . a blue day in which the sun shone brightly through the cold air, and every child was busy and happy. It had come, certainly after more than twelve weeks' determination on my part — determination to be kind, firm, well organized, enthusiastic and patient. Come too, after various battles with rude children, fussy children, spoilt children, quarrelsome children. Come after I had been a very unpleasant old lady at times, sitting sternly and staring hypnotically at children who had to sit still and wait *quietly* before any nice lessons or stories could begin! Still, we had come to be friends, and allies. They knew just where everything was kept in the little cupboards, they knew what to get out, how to tidy up, how to count the scissors and other equipment, how to be proud of their room and to make it pretty and tidy after we had had a wonderful messy "Making Time."

I looked up. It was during a long "Making Time" (that means a morning when the children could go on for a very long time with any sensible worth-while project, and pack it up tidily when they felt they had done enough or finished it, and then get another sensible job; a time when, if they were painting a picture, making a Christmas present for Mother, writing out a carol and making it very beautiful, they did not have to stop half-way, as we do on most mornings. All the children

were busy. Some were absorbed in an individual job; a few small groups had got together to make something in common. A few other groups were busy with some quite difficult arithmetical games in which they were helping each other. Some were writing stories, and they too were helping each other, as I could hear various murmurs of "I know how to spell squirrel. . . . Well, I know where to find the book that has it in. I'll show you."

"I'll be back in a minute," I said to the room in general, but nobody heard or noticed. I went along to the kitchen. "Come," I said to the cook and her helpers, "come and see some good children, you mightn't get the chance again!"

They came along and we stood in the passage, looking through the long windows that line my classroom. Fortunately for me no one had broken the spell (or upset any jars of paint). There was Rachel solemnly trying on a hat she had made out of an old stocking. There was John, reading out an instruction card to Tony, and Tony was carefully measuring cardboard with his ruler in order to make a Christmas-present box for his small brother. All the rest were working like nest-building birds, steady, determined, satisfied. No one was putting a foot wrong. It was that magic moment when all energy was being put to proper use.

The cook and her helpers were suitably impressed. "You wouldn't think they could be such demons would you!" exclaimed the cook. Then I had one of those rare compliments that comfort me when other parents are hostile. One of the kitchen helpers, who used to have a child in my class, said:

"Ah, Miss Cross knows how to get the best out of them. My David was a different boy after he'd been with her for a bit . . . he said that they all called her Miss Bossy-Boots before they came into her class . . . but once they were there they thought the world of her!"

But of course school is not all handwork and busy little children. No. But it *is* work and busy children, however big and old they may be. It may not all be easy and interesting, but, taught properly, *all* children will endure the dull and tedious parts of work in order to achieve their ends. But they must be ends that are comprehensible to the child: a teacher must be able to inspire, to point the way. Discipline must be a mutual thing, not something imposed by a dictator. The teacher should be, quite certainly the leader, perhaps the shepherd, certainly the helper, of her pupils. But best of all she should have that perpetual optimism and enthusiasm that makes the children eager to explore each new blue day, to be grateful to be alive and to find life

exciting and worth while.

We have found that the methods first used in the Nursery and Infant school are just as successful, adapted suitably, in the Junior and Senior schools. Children want to know things, to do things, to find out. Once they can read, write and count a certain amount then there are endless possibilities for fruitful activities. No, not "play" in the adult sense of the word, but certainly fun and of such absorbing interest that the children take immense trouble to do the tasks well.

The old division of "subjects" is really artificial — history and geography and maths and so on. They can all be learnt in just as thorough a way when tackled as a "project" or used in some "activity." For example, our Juniors are busy with these sorts of things: the weather — they keep official records day by day of wind direction (our kind caretaker helped make a real working weathercock and is making a sun-dial) and of maximum and minimum temperatures, of the amount of rainfall and of barometer readings. They run the school biscuit-shop at lunch time, and take care of the money and stock. They deal with the delivery to all classrooms of the school milk, and keep records of the number of bottles delivered to each class. They collect the teacher's tea-money. They run the school library and do it in exactly the same way as the County Library (who lend us the books) with proper library tickets, records, etc. They take care of the school athletic equipment, check and record all the stock of balls, ropes, sports gear, etc. They help put out equipment for the younger children. They help stack away dinner chairs, beside acting in turn as "Mother and Father" at each dinner table.

The older children are constantly organizing exhibitions of interesting things, having displays of pictures and writing, stories, poems, etc. They act plays and give concerts, not only to parents but to other classes. They take turns each morning to present a short service of inspiring reading of prose, poems, hymns and music. The smallest children do this too, but only once a month, as they take their service so earnestly that it is a good month before they are ready to take it!

This is the way it goes in no end of schools today, and the way it will go in more and more, we hope. The children are ready to value each new day dawning, but we need more teachers, in school and out; in fact all the grown-ups to *think* and to make sure that they too value our days. Let us stop our stupid habit of boredom. Let us look about us with fresh eyes and see how wonderful are the bird's feathers or the neat little footmarks of the mice in the snow. Above all, let us enjoy our

days. I will end with another remark — this from a small, very much deprived little boy whose parents cannot find a house for their family and who lives with a kind but stern foster mother. One afternoon, just before home time, we were ending up with a music lesson — no piano, no radio, just ourselves singing and me tapping rhythms with a pencil. I tapped out his favourite song, and said, "Guess?" Billy's face lit up. He sang with vigour; then, with a sigh of pleasure, he said, "Oh, I *am* enjoying this singing. I just *am*!"

Let us all, as much as we can, become as these children and welcome another blue day.

ELIZABETH CROSS

---

A MAN WHO DESIRES TO HELP others by counsel or deed will refrain from dwelling on men's faults, and will speak but sparingly of human weaknesses. But he will speak at large of man's virtue and power, and the means of perfecting the same, that thus men may endeavour joyously to live, so far as in them lies, after the commandment of reason.

—SPINOZA

# NEW BOOKS AND OLD

## A SURVEY OF TIBETAN RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT*

For more than a century Tibet, the Land of Snows, has aroused greater interest and curiosity among those in the West than almost any other country. This interest has been reflected, especially during the last decade, by a constantly increasing flow of publications, not all of them of unquestionable authenticity. Gradually, however, as more and more material becomes available, old misunderstandings are being corrected and new insights incorporated into the steadily growing body of reliable, scientifically documented knowledge about this fascinating but no longer mysterious land and its people.

The present book is characteristic of this process. Unlike India, Tibet, especially Buddhist Tibet, possesses a vast wealth of historical records of all kinds, and from such of them as are now accessible to modern scholarship Professor Hoffmann, a specialist in the Bon tradition, has given a historical survey of religious developments from the earliest known times down practically to the present day.

First, of course, comes an account of "The Old Bon Religion," that is to say, of what the author characterizes (pp. 14-15) as

> the national Tibetan form of that old animist-shamanist religion which at one time was widespread not only in Siberia but throughout the whole of Inner Asia, East and West Turkestan, Mongolia, Manchuria, the Tibetan plateaux and even China.

Then follows a brief account of "The Development of Buddhism in India and Its Penetration into Tibet." In this chapter the strong resistance with which Buddhism, despite royal patronage, at first met, is well brought out. As Padmasambhava, along with Śāntarakṣita (whom the author always calls Shantirakshita), was the first effective Indian missionary to Tibet, this leads to an interesting excursus on "Padmasambhava and Padmaism" or, in other words, on the so-called unreformed Buddhism of those who became known as the Nyingmapas or "Old-Style Ones." "The Religious Struggles of the Eighth and Ninth Centuries" graphically describes the grim tussle for ascendancy between the Bon and Buddhism which eventually brought about the collapse of the monarchy and the political and cultural disintegration of the whole country. At one stage the victorious Bonists "took a malicious pleasure in forcing the ex-monks to perform humiliating and unsuitable tasks, making them slaughtermen for example and send [-ing] them out with bows, arrows, and dogs to hunt" (p. 82)—a type of persecution which has its parallels in Tibet today.

In "The Systematized Bon Religion" the author clearly depicts the desperate and ultimately unsuccessful efforts of the old faith to establish itself as the national religion with the help of lavish borrowings from its hated rival, the borrowings ranging from the biography of the Buddha to the doctrine of the Void.

---

**The Religions of Tibet.* By Helmut Hoffmann. Translated by Edward Fitzgerald. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd , London. 199 pp. 1961. 25*s.*)

The remaining chapters, dealing respectively with "The Rebirth of Buddhism," "The Rise if the Lamaist Sects" and "The Tsongkhapa Reformation and the Priest-State of the Dalai Lamas," exhibit a process of consolidation, efflorescence and expansion which continued with only minor setbacks until the rude irruption of Red China in 1950. This is the greater period, to which belong such figures as Atīśa and Milarepa, Tsongkhapa and the Fifth Dalai Lama.

Throughout the chequered fortunes of Buddhism in Tibet two factors constantly recur and seem to have been of special importance. One concerns the relation of Buddhism to the secular power; the other, the place to be allotted in the economy of Tibetan Buddhism to the "unreformed" doctrines and practices stemming from Padmasambhava. Much of the history of the religion, in its outer vicissitudes and inner development, would seem to be ultimately traceable to the necessity of settling these two issues.

As the general character of the book is admittedly historical, one cannot fairly complain of a deficiency of general spiritual and doctrinal interest. Nevertheless the latter cannot be entirely excluded, if for no other reason than that a doctrinal misunderstanding may result in a distortion of historical perspective. Thus the author treats what, following certain Continental scholars, he terms "Padmaism" as an independent religion on the ground that Padmasambhava taught the people of the countries he visited in terms of the beliefs already current among them.

> This method [he rightly says] is strikingly reminiscent of that adopted by Manichaeism, which, without changing the core of its own teachings, nevertheless took the local religious concepts and the names of local gods to present its own great mythos . . . (p. 59).

But surely it is no less reminiscent of Buddhism, especially in its Mahāyāna form? The same type of misunderstanding causes the author to speak of "Lamaism" itself as a special religion produced by an "amalgamation with native religious elements" (p. 28). There are also several other doctrinal misunderstandings, though some may be merely infelicities of expression. Karma is defined as "the law of retaliation" (p. 29), and "emptiness" or "voidness" is characterized as "purely negative" (p. 32). The *krodha* or wrathful form of Avalokiteśvara is wrongly described as "the evil Avalokiteshvara" (p. 59). Rahonuśāsaka is not " 'Teacher of Secrets' " (p. 113) but "Privy Instructor": he is the monk responsible for questioning the candidate for ordination regarding various disabilities. Moreover, Kazi Davasamdup was not a Tibetan (p. 62) but a Sikkimese; and *rkanggling* is a horn made not from a human skull (p. 62) but from a human thigh-bone.

Though best utilized in conjunction with works dealing with the more spiritual side of Tibetan religious life, Professor Hoffmann's book is a most valuable accession to our understanding of a field wherein speculation and fancy have only too often usurped the place of knowledge.

BHIKSHU SANGHARAKSHITA

---

*Mysticism and Philosophy*. By W. T. STACE. (Macmillan and Company, Ltd., London. 349 pp. 1961. 21*s*.)

Recognizing that the utmost that can be expected is not certainties but tentative hypotheses, Professor Stace sets out to examine the nature and validity of mystical experience and to enquire what light, if any, it may throw upon such questions as the nature of

the self, the philosophy of logic, functions of language, human immortality, the source of the moral sense and the problems of ethics and religion.

Recalling Bertrand Russell's view that union of the mystic and the man of science marks the highest eminence in the world of thought and that the mystical emotion inspires whatever is best in man, he nevertheless regards the essence of mysticism as being more perceptional than emotional. It has, of course, to be critically considered whether mysticism is objective or subjective in the sense of revealing anything outside of the mystic's own mind.

Among many useful distinctions drawn is that between introvertive and extrovertive mystical states, the inward and outward ways. While the former is usually devoid of imagery and sense objects, the latter (which more often occurs spontaneously) involves transfiguration of actual sense perception. On this point, however, one cannot follow the author's assertion that the extrovertive experience is "vastly less important than the introvertive, both as regards practical influence on human life and history and as regards philosophical implications."

As being less abstract, more concrete and more accessible to most people, one would have put it the other way round, though complete fulfilment might imply an integration of both states. Indeed Professor Stace himself goes on to recognize that "it is an essential and explicit part of the message of many mystics that the external and the internal unity are identical" or that, in Mahayana terms, *nirvāṇa* and *saṃsāra* are ultimately one and the same. The inward "one" illumines all outward manifestations of multiplicity. In Taoism and Zen this seems also made clear.

Paradox is one universal characteristic of all mysticism, of which the vacuum-plenum, "both empty and full," is one example, seen most plainly in Hinduism. In not shirking paradox Eastern mysticism is more true to itself, profound and all-embracing. That of Europe is "an amateur affair" compared with that of Asia. In the author's view we should follow the East in this matter, admitting that mystical experience is beyond logical understanding. The mystic's difficulty with language need not then be confused with ineffability. An experience in itself nonverbal may, as remembered, be conceptualized and therefore described in words.

While mysticism affords no unambiguous evidence for personal survival, note is taken of a possible link between this doctrine and the individualism of Western political democracy. From a Hindu or Buddhist viewpoint this might merely signify the greater egoism and aggressiveness of Western man. The mystical theory of ethics and the source of moral sentiments is found to be at least in no worse a position than other theories. Passive acceptance of social evils in the past history of India cannot, he thinks, be blamed upon mysticism; the main cause is just as likely to have been climatic. Regarding religion, although in any culture the mystic's experience tends to be interpreted in terms of tenets in which he has been reared, mysticism is essentially independent of creeds and can exist without them.

Even if mysticism were wholly subjective (which is not here maintained) it is still enormously important for human life — "is nevertheless the way of salvation."

> It is possible that the direction of human evolution . . . — if the human race survives — will be towards the spread of mystical experience to most men . . . that the superman of the future is to be the mystic man,

Perhaps these are among the more committal statements in an otherwise non-committal book.

DION BYNGHAM

---

*Discipline Without Punishment: An Account of a School in Action.* By OSKAR SPIEL. Translated by EDWARD FITZGERALD. Edited with an Introduction by LEWIS WAY. (Faber and Faber, London. 171 pp. 1962. 21*s.*)

This record of twenty years of running a Boys' Secondary School in a poor quarter of Vienna is both helpful and heartening to those who believe in treating children as persons — never mind how large the class or awkward the conditions.

Professor Spiel, as he says in his Foreword, believes in the value and nobility of the teaching profession, and he feels strongly the need for technique as well as good intentions! He is an ardent disciple of Adler's system of Individual Psychology, and shows clearly how this can be of service to the teacher.

The story is of his teaching of boys between ten and fourteen, told in fascinating detail; but, as he says, the "method" can be adapted to all ages. Indeed most practising teachers will agree that they are working along similar lines for themselves today and this account will strengthen them in their determination to persist.

In an Introduction Lewis Way explains the peculiar difficulties faced by Spiel in Vienna at the end of World War I, and emphasizes his great success in dealing with "problem" children in large classes.

As teachers today are so often faced with equal, although different, difficulties this very practical book is of particular and helpful interest. The Introduction states:—

> Individual Psychology is not so specialized a science as to be unapproachable by the layman. On the contrary, it was presented by Adler deliberately in such a way as to become of maximum service to the teacher in his profession.

It is true that the author seems to have had great success in getting the co-operation of the parents — and as many teachers know this is so often our stumbling-block. However, here the details of conversation may be of help to us. Certainly it is heartening to note how his loving truthfulness when talking to the children bears fruit. Many of us have similar experiences. In fact he had remarkable success in altering these difficult children by persuasion and understanding instead of punishment, and also by holding "Group discussions" with the whole class, rather in the same way that psychiatrists do today with adults.

Finally there is a useful Appendix dealing with the Austrian System of Education, and a good Index.

ELIZABETH CROSS

---

*Hara: The Vital Centre of Man.* By KARLFRIED, GRAF VON DURCKHEIM. Translated from the German by SYLVIA-MONICA VON KOSPOTH in collaboration with ESTELLE R. HEALEY. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 208 pp. Illustrated, 1962. 21*s.*)

Not the least remarkable thing about this very remarkable book is the fact that it is written by an Occidental psychotherapist who says that the study of psychology can yield valid results only if it is based on an understanding of metaphysics; for this is the measure of

the difference between the Graf von Dürckheim's insight into man's nature and that of the majority of Western psychologists.

The Japanese word *Hara* literally means belly, but comes to mean that vital centre in man, known to the West as the solar plexus, in which resides his essential wholeness, at once physical and metaphysical, the point of stillness at which his being has its feet firmly planted upon the earth while his head is free in the heavens.

The earlier chapters of the book are concerned with *Hara* as it is traditionally understood in Japan; and in this connection the chapter called "Hara in the Japanese Language" contains some fascinating suggestion and revelations. But *Hara* expresses a reality which is universal, and in the later chapters the author relates it, both as idea and as practice, to Western man and his way of life.

It cannot be too strongly stressed that this book performs the greatest possible service; fulfils, indeed, the greatest possible need for Western man, who has lost his way, both physically and psychologically, in the misinterpretation of the Christian religion as a dualism of body and soul, and in their later and deeper dichotomy in the "scientific" attitudes of rationalism and intellectualism.

There are many echoes in this book of that understanding of man and of the world which is the common basis of all religions once they are stripped of their dogmatic accretions; so that it is continually borne in upon the reader that he is confronting a rare phenomenon: as nearly an expression of the ultimately inexpressible Truth as a book may be. One aspect of this Truth, which the Graf von Dürckheim makes abundantly plain, is that the "divine being," which the Christian knows as the Kingdom of Heaven, is indeed within us, and not only within us, but active there and striving to make itself manifest in human life and behaviour. Somewhere within himself man is in a permanent state of beatitude; that is his essential nature and his birthright. But he habitually sells his birthright for the mess of pottage demanded by the unnatural egocentrism of his Western training. *Hara* is a way of remedial, or redemptive, training. As Kanako Shoseki points out in an appended passage, man lost his Paradise through becoming conscious of himself, and can regain it only by achieving a new kind of Self-consciousness. The point is a subtle one: but it is the point.

It is a pity that so important a book should not have been more felicitously translated, and that the proofs, especially as regards punctuation, should have been so carelessly read.

R. H. WARD

---

*Keats-Shelley Memorial Bulletin No. XIII*. Edited by DOROTHY HEWLETT. (Keats-Shelley Memorial Association, London. xiii+47 pp. 1961. 8*s*. 6*d*.)

Five of the nine essays in this volume are on Shelley or on related topics. Neville Rogers's "Shelley and the Visual Arts" is an absorbing study of Shelley's poem "On the Medusa of Leonardo da Vinci in the Florentine Gallery" and of the Head of Medusa attributed to Leonardo da Vinci. He finds the Shakespearian quality of "sheer *rightness*, resulting from combined poetic command of observation and expression" in the lines

> Hairs which are vipers, and they curl and flow
> And their long tangles in each other lock,
> And with unending involutions show

Their mailed radiance, as it were to mock
The torture and the death within, and saw
The solid air with many a ragged jaw.

The reproduction of the painting helps the reader to follow the argument, which gropes through the *Æneid* for the snake descriptions and glances at the words that Shelley used in the poem — his repetitions and blank spaces — in the context of Shelley's seeing and his recording mind. With the poem and the painting juxtaposed for our gaze, we find Neville Rogers's essay very perceptive, and we are reminded of Leonardo's clear-sighted observation:—

There is the same difference between the poet's and the painter's representation of the human figure as there is between dismembered and united bodies. Because the poet in describing the beauty or ugliness of any figure can only show it to you consecutively, bit by bit, while the painter will display it all at once. . . .

Among other articles, "Shelley's Orsino: Evil in *The Cenci*" by Joan Rees is an attempt to see in the insignificant Orsino a principal agent of evil in the play. Professor S. R. Swaminathan throws a revealing light on Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" and his Odes generally. Dorothy G. Wayman, R. A. Lusty, Phyllis G. Mann, H. M. Dowling and Eugene J. Brzenk offer further biographical notes about the relatives of Shelley and Keats. Despite the detractors, the Romantics excite as much interest as ever. The lake is not still, nor are the boats idle, after all.

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

---

*The Social Philosophy of English Idealism*. By A. J. M. MILNE. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 320 pp. 1962. 28*s*.)

Ernest Gellner in *Words and Things* has said of linguistic analysis that it

is the last ditch of a tired and secularized ruling elite which wants to be sceptical and anti-metaphysical and yet at the same time to avoid any of the dangerous social results that are consequent on scepticism.

The book before us reveals in mild form the reaction that is taking place against the philosophy that has been hitherto fashionable. It argues for Humanistic Idealism as against Absolute Idealism. It is sad to have to plough through book after book of academic verbiage, the result of much hard work and great care. All this is due to a philosophy fundamentally wrong, based on assumptions that are wrong. We can follow the consequences of this mistake in the author's preliminary analysis. Like most other people, he ignores the fact of heredity, including mental heredity. Heredity that is common to a number of individuals constitutes something like a universal, and it is a reality.

The same error is revealed in the following sentence:—

The organs of an organism carry out their functions blindly and automatically without consciousness of themselves or the system to which they contribute.

How does Mr. Milne know this? On the contrary, the organs have been produced by efforts repeated so often by the ancestry that they have passed below the consciousness of the organism as a whole but continue to act with what Aldous Huxley has called "organic intelligence." It is untrue that "there is nothing given ready-made in human experience prior to and independent of the work of thought." Mr. Milne is under the all but universal mistake of

having substituted the conscious mind, reason, the rational, for the whole experience.

The fact is that it is the job of philosophy to interpret experience, and the moral experience is a fundamental fact. The truth is that Bradley was right (as the Vedanta had been, long before him):—

> We still believe that the universal Self is more than a collection or an idea, that it is reality, and that, apart from it, individuals are fictions of theory. We still have the fact of one self particularized in its many members, and the right and duty of gaining self-realization through the real universal.

R. F. RATTRAY

---

*Islam*. Edited by JOHN ALDEN WILLIAMS. (Great Religions of Modern Man. Prentice-Hall International, London. 256 pp. 1961. 25*s*.)

This book is perhaps best described as a useful collection of basic material about Islam. It consists of six chapters dealing respectively with the Qur'ān, the Traditions (together with the life of Muḥammad), the law, ṣūfism (or mysticism), theology and the major sects. Each chapter has a number of translated quotations from the original sources, usually taken from already published English translations. There are introductions by the editor to the various sub-divisions of the chapters, and also, where necessary, connecting paragraphs.

Since the editor presumably had the general framework prescribed for him, he must be complimented on what he has achieved. He has covered the main aspects of Islam as a religion without any serious omissions and without excessive emphasis on any point. Here and there some of the statements in the introduction are misleading. Most open to criticism is the failure to distinguish the *sīra* or biography of Muḥammad, where the interest was chiefly historical, from the collections of "sound" Traditions, where the interest was chiefly legal.

There is also the wider question whether a book of this kind is likely to give the casual reader a genuine impression of Islam. So many of the primary Islamic documents are foreign to the contemporary European and American outlook, and cannot be appreciated without much more help to the reader than can be given in a work of this kind. A book covering less ground, but in greater detail, would probably have been more satisfactory. For instance, a much more adequate picture could have been given of al-Ghazālī, had the space given to al-Juwayni been added to that allotted to him. Perhaps a book of this kind will prove most serviceable when used in conjunction with lectures or tutorial instruction.

W. MONTGOMERY WATT

---

*The Mediæval Myths*. By NORMA LORRE GOODRICH. (A Mentor Book. The New American Library, New York 22. x+222 pp. 1961. 50 cents.)

In *The Mediæval Myths*. Norma Lorre Goodrich has re-created seven famous stories.

*Beowulf*, first in this volume, was composed in *circa* 725 A.D. It is a thrilling saga of bravery, when warriors paid back favours received with the weight of their deeds, and in the absence of written history a man's prowess was recorded in heroic song.

As to the Peredur myth, the author subscribes to the theory that the origin

was Druidic and not Christian, and that all Peredur's adventures are related to the secret initiation ceremonies of the Druids. There is a strong similarity among primitive cultures, and the resemblance to the rites observed in the ancient festivals of Adonis, or Tammuz, are very marked.

*The Song of Roland* is the oldest masterpiece of mediæval French literature. Composed at the time of the Crusades, Roland is the epitome of chivalric knighthood, combined with the religious fervour that pervaded all France at that time. Its popularity is due in a great measure to the tremendous impact it had on the French Romantic poets of the nineteenth century.

*Berta of Hungary*, also a French epic, has the distinction of being one of the few known compositions written by a minstrel. Couched in simple and moving words, it tells of the mishaps that befell Berta, Queen of France, mother of the great Charlemagne.

The Austrian myth of Sifrit, summarizing a part of the *Nibelungenlied*, is an amalgamation of history, Scandinavian mythology and Oriental legends. In connection with the latter the author notes the resemblance between the warrior-maiden Brünhilde and Gurdafrid of the *Shah Namah*.

The raid of Prince Igor into Quman territory in 1185 provides the subject of the sixth myth, which though historical is a valuable testimony to the pagan beliefs which prevailed among the Slavic people.

The last of these fascinating tales, *The Cid*, was probably written in 1140, and coincides with the birth of the Spanish language. It immortalizes the deeds of Rodrigo Diaz, Spain's best-loved hero, whose magnanimity towards the vanquished earned for him from his enemies the name of *Mio Cid* (My Hero or Champion).

ROSHAN KOTHAWALA

---

*Immortal India*. Vol. IV. By J. H. DAVE. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. 1961. xxxii+168 pp. 24 illustrations and 1 map. Rs. 2.00)

Few Indians know how vast and varied India is. The institution of *tīrthayātrā*, which in olden days provided a golden opportunity of realizing it, has practically died out. It is now confined to a very small section of the society, and there, too, it has lost its pristine significance. Tourism is offering a substitute for *tīrthayātrā*, but that would be a privilege of the rich alone.

Shri Dave's *Immortal India* comes in handy as a guide. It is neither history nor geography. Yet, in a sense, it reflects both, and contains current information into the bargain. This, the fourth and final volume, concludes the survey of prominent rivers, mountains, shrines, sacred spots and holy places on the banks of rivers scattered throughout the country. The material contained in the four volumes had earlier appeared as articles in the *Bhavan's Journal*.

As many as 88 items have gone into the first three volumes. The present one begins with Item 89, which concerns the holy river Ganga, or Ganges, and ends with Item 120, which treats of the sacred hill Sameta-Sikhara or Parasnath Hill. The treatise does not claim to be exhaustive but is all the same highly instructive. The writer has drawn upon such sources as the Vedas, the Puranas and other scriptures as well as upon tradition, history, epigraphy, archæology, etc.

One fails, however, to appreciate the selectiveness on the part of the writer, when, for example, describing the Sutlej (Item 98), he closes the account with a fair narrative of comparatively

rcent archæological finds at Rupar on its basis, dating "from the time of Harappa"; whereas in the description of the Ravi (Item 113), on whose banks the now ruined city of Harappa once stood, he does not mention Harappa at all, let alone its far-famed archæological excavations. Nor can we understand his preference for using *f* instead of the more common *ph* in transcribing Sanskrit names, as in Falgu (p. xxxi) and Uttarafalguni (p. 161).

B. CH. CHHABRA

---

# A LETTER FROM LONDON

*London, July 15th, 1962*

PRIME MINISTER MACMILLAN'S astonishing and wholesale Cabinet shake-up has started a fierce debate and a guessing game about the future of the present Government. The General Election is not in the offing for another eighteen months, but it is said that the Prime Minister's decision to massacre some of his Cabinet colleagues has been taken in order that the Conservative Party should do better in the coming by-elections. And the dismissal of trusted men like Selwyn Lloyd is looked upon with great misgivings about the Prime Minister's sense of loyalty to his tried colleagues.

Even Mr. Macmillan's supporters are inclined to the view that he is now facing the biggest crisis in his political career. Two of his ministerial colleagues assessed that the Prime Minister has staked his whole future on the strength of a ruthless purge to stop the Government's electoral sinking. If it fails he will face irresistible pressure for his own resignation.

Commenting on Cabinet dismissals, a senior Conservative said: "The old man panicked when the Conservative Central Office warned him at the beginning of the week that the Conservative candidate at North-East Leicester by-election faced disaster." The way Mr. Macmillan carried out his Cabinet purge has further lent colour to the belief that behind the charges lies a sharp clash between the Prime Minister and his former Chancellor of the Exchequer over financial policy as the General Election approaches. Mr. Macmillan, it seems, wants to get rid of the unpopular image of the pay-pause in order to revive the Conservative Party's prestige in the country. But Mr. Lloyd refused to endorse this change of line by staying in the Government. He holds that it will give too obvious an impression of bribing the electors.

One fact emerges from the wholesale changes. Mr. Richard Crossman, Labour M.P., and the Sunday newspaper *Reynold's News,* representing the vast Co-operative Movement in Britain, have referred to the state of affairs inside the Conservative Party leadership. Writing in the *Sunday Pictorial,* Mr. Crossman states that the fact that Mr. Macmillan can treat his Cabinet colleagues in this way shows that he is still complete master in his own house. It also reminds us that the British system of democracy has long since ceased to be Parliamentary Government or even Cabinet Government and has degenerated into Prime Ministerial Government. Until Macmillan himself chooses to go to the country he can do what he likes in Westminster and Whitehall, provided only that he maintains his personal ascendency over the Party machine.

*Reynold's News* refers to the shattering admission of failure of the Government on the economic front and to the succession of by-election defeats. It ad-

vocates that political decency should have made Mr. Macmillan seek the judgment of the people at a General Election. His new Government can now have little influence at home, and even less abroad, particularly in the European Common Market negotiations, when everyone knows that its policies are a failure and the bulk of the electorate are turning against it. The paper reminds its readers that it is the Conservative Party, not a small group of individual members, that is responsible for the economic decline and moral apathy of Britain today. The new men whom Mr. Macmillan has chosen may hand out a few bribes. But without a change of heart of which the Conservative Party is incapable, they cannot give the country a new efficiency and sense of purpose.

Those who have been critical of the American policy of wanting to deprive her Western allies of independent nuclear deterrent have criticized the Prime Minister for the dismissal of Mr. Harold Watkinson and replacing him with Mr. Peter Thornycroft as Defence Minister. It has been acknowledged that Mr. Watkinson had stood up to American pressure and had always insisted on maintaining Britain's independent nuclear deterrent. He had also resisted powerful American pressure to commit more and more British troops in Germany. Mr. Watkinson's successor — Mr. Peter Thornycroft — says the *Sunday Express*, has shown himself the most pliant in placating foreign interests. At the Ministry of Aviation it was his policy to turn over momentous projects for space research and supersonic flight to European committees. He could see nothing whatever wrong in relying on American aircraft when the British industry is languishing for lack of orders. According to *Sunday Express*, there is no doubt that Mr. Peter Thornycroft will prove the most popular British Defence Minister for years in Washington, Paris and Bonn.

Lord Lambton, who has been a Conservative critic of the Government in the House of Commons, agrees with the general belief in the country that the Cabinet shuffle has taken place in order to give a new look to the Government and bring back to the Conservative Party its lost national appeal. But, looking at the changes unsentimentally, he thinks it is difficult to believe that the changes will have the effect of increasing the popularity of the party. What fundamentally disturbs Lord Lambton about the changes is that they may well have the effect of shaking even further the country's confidence in the Conservative Party, and cause it to believe that they are another stratagem designed to win votes at the long-term national expense.

A report, one of the series on Commonwealth immigration by the Economic Intelligence Unit (*Social Integration and Housing*, 2*s.* 6*d.*), deals with the problem of the overcrowding of immigrants in Britain. It says that 13 in every 100 Pakistanis and 5 in every 100 West Indians were sharing their accommodation with 10 or more people. But only 4 in 100 Pakistanis thought they were overcrowded. Most immigrants had only one room when they first came to Britain. The West Indians seemed more inclined than the others to buy houses to let to their fellow countrymen. Birmingham authorities estimated that about 6,000 coloured people owned houses in the city. The average price was about £2,000. Of all immigrants, Pakistanis seemed to suffer most from homesickness: 40 in 100 said they intended to return to Pakistan.

Canon Jon Collins, who attended the Moscow Peace Congress, has returned to London feeling both hopeful and depressed. Hopeful, because he is convinced of Mr. Khrushchev's sincere de-

sire to avoid war. But he was filled with the deepest misgivings by the power-political approach to world affairs. Canon Collins told us on his return that so long as statesmen clung to outmoded concepts of national sovereignty and national security it was difficult to see a way forward. In such a situation, where humanity itself, or at least human civilization as we know it, is in danger of annihilation, any attempt to find ways of easing the tension and of thawing, however slightly, the frozen attitudes of the Cold War, is to be encouraged. With all its drawbacks, the possibility of a thaw was evident in the Moscow Congress for Peace — more, perhaps, in the private conversations and meetings which went on all the time than in the public arena.

Canon Collins says that he spent one of the most stimulating hours when he had an interview with Mr. Khrushchev. "Mr. Khrushchev is a warm and humorous person, as well as a remarkably astute politician. Our conversation was extremely frank, but also extremely good-humoured," said the Canon.

SUNDER KABADI

---

# LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[APTLY, on his return to Paris after some time in India, **Shri Baldoon Dhingra** sends us his musings on Paris streets—their different qualities and histories, and the memory of them in literature.—ED.]

THE OTHER DAY, quite by chance, I picked up a book by Balzac I had never read, and flicking aimlessly over its pages came across a passage which held my attention.

> There are in Paris certain streets [says Balzac in *Ferragus*] as dishonoured as can be any man convicted of infamy; then there are noble streets, also streets that are simply honest, also young streets concerning whose morality the public has not yet formed any opinion; then there are murderous streets, streets older than the oldest possible dowagers, estimable streets, streets that are always clean, streets that are always dirty, workingmen's streets, students' streets, and mercantile streets. In short, the streets of Paris have human qualities, and impress us by their physiognomy with certain ideas against which we are defenceless.

If one considers the many homes and therefore streets in which Balzac lived — and I have been at some pains to study the plaques on some of them — one can imagine he had time to observe with his seer-like vision a score at least. But then Balzac lived in places outside Paris too — in Sevres, in Versailles, in Ville d'Avray; and there is the Maison Vauquet which Henry James once referred to as the most portentous setting in all literature.

If one walks today the streets which Balzac named the magic only seems to have gone if you wander about during the busiest hours, for then the din of cars would rob any corner of its charm. The best time, if one can wake that early, would be, summer or winter, before seven, for the cafés, except those that keep nightlong vigils, are about to open. At half past six, if one is up, the pails of water are on the floor, the scrubbing is in progress and the shutters are down. That is the best time to look at the streets. For in the morning, with the sun out, the gloomiest street puts on a garment of brightness. Not far from where I live is a famous avenue, the Mac Mahon, one of the twelve that form the Etoile. In the morning, in sunlight or in rain, it has a wholesome look. There is an incline and the side streets have a charm of their own. At night, when the lights are dim, the appearance

the street puts on is bleak. Under the lamplights, some painted females stand awaiting customers, and as one goes down, with the Arc de Triomphe floodlit, the street takes on an eerie look and the women, with umbrellas or with sticks, look like ghosts. I have often thought, as Balzac did, about streets but when the sun's rays are upon them, the streets, like our minds, change.

No man is ever himself, nor are streets the same. They could not be. As words never twice describe the same objects, and take their meaning only from the context of the circumstances in which they are uttered, so no man is ever himself, but assumes an identity which exists only in relation to the multiple situations in which chance has placed him. Accident is the sole key to his behaviour.

But there is so much history in some streets if one can remember them. I can never cease to be fascinated by the rue de la Bucherie, a small winding, hundred-metre street, close to the Eglise St. Julien le Pauvre, or the rue Moufetard. What about the rue de Seine where Oscar Wilde spent some time? Some quarters of Paris have kept their atmosphere even though, here and there, with no loss, some "face-lifting" has been done for them and the new looks are now always in progress. There are some streets which, with the slightest familiarity with even two or three of Balzac's books, one still remembers if one has time to walk that way. When one thinks of Le Pére Goriot, the rue St. Genevieve comes to mind. It is there the good man suffered and died.

On the site occupied by the Sorbonne was the famous restaurant of Illusions Perdues where, as Balzac relates, you could have a dinner of three dishes and a *carafon* of wine for a franc. It was a famous little place and several English writers, notably Thackeray and Bulwer Lytton, have described it at length. The street has not greatly changed; a few new restaurants, a Vietnamien, a self-service place and, across from it, a bookshop are quite new. Perhaps the main street is now somewhat broader, to judge by the old descriptions. The rue de la Sorbonne has the smell of books and Chinese food. There is nothing sad or dreary about it all.

But something does happen to some streets. Take the rue de l' Abbaye, just behind the Eglise St. Germain des Pres. On the main road one has all the Cafés of the pseudo-intellectuals, the Lipp, Le Flore and Les Deux Magots. Just because Sartre once wrote in Le Flore (during the Resistance, it was) the café, if not the street, becomes a place of pilgrimage. Now you can see there all the long-haired and bearded beatniks exerting their right to dress and walk the way they please.

The sinister streets of Paris, thanks to much spring cleaning, are fewer, but they do indeed exist. Some streets have their dingy, mouldy structures and their broken, uneven roadways. They might appeal as picturesque to a few people, but many such would make of Paris a vast slum, which it is not. People who want the slums are thinking of Eugene Sue's novels, which few seem to read today. One is inclined to think of the notary — the villain of the piece — who was a really sinister character, for it was he, like Tartuffe, who, under the guise of assumed sanctity, spun his webs and wrought his villainies until the day when he was inflamed and outwitted.

I have often wandered by day and twice, I think, by night in what is known as the underworld of Paris, the rue Lepic and other streets. And yet, a few years ago, this was not a sinister street, whereas by contrast a walk in the Champs Elysées, now the most brilliantly lit of all Paris streets, and the most snobbish, offered more adventures than the plain of Marathon: the most

adventurous stopped at the Place de la Concorde.

Today, some streets, say, those close to the rue de la Faisanderie, which is near the Bois de Boulogne, are dangerous at night. It will be a brave man who will stalk that way, pass the Metro Port Dauphine and go past the lake, away from the Cafe D'Armoneville and plunge headlong into the thickest part of the Bois. He will walk that way to be sure, and perhaps even arrive with his wallet or his watch at the other end. He may walk with firm tread and go unmolested, but the chances are he will not venture forth alone, much less with a female companion. Yes, but these are not weird or ghostly streets. Often men associate a street with books they have read. What about Poe and the rue Morgue? And there are other streets, well known here, where, as no guide will fail to point out, a great murder took place. Sometimes the street bears the name of a Balzac or a Romain Rolland or a Proust. I remember with some joy that I lived in the same house, 44 rue Hamelin, where Proust worked for some time.

And yet, talking of street names, I have known different people refer to the same street in lyrical or angry tones, depending on how they saw them. One person I know has gone into raptures over a small street in Montmartre and another has dismissed the same street as drab, dull and dismal. It is all a question of language, with which you can seemingly destroy a place or create it.

Such is the paradox of language. Men innocently believe that words are a means of communication. They are within an ace of believing that the universe, and the words which make it possible to describe it, were created simultaneously. Actually it is not words that designate objects, but the subjective knowledge of those who use them. Fed on the deepest substance of our being, and referring only to an individual experience of the world, language is, to some extent, an enlargement of the self. This explains how it is that two speakers discussing the same subject, whose lips turn about, emit the same words, are at no single moment talking about the same thing. They think they are conversing when they are doing no more than giving expression to meanings of their own. Is their interchange ever anything more than a dialogue between deaf men?

BALDOON DHINGRA

---

Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone
no more, need nothing,
Done with indoor complaints, libraries,
querulous criticisms,
Strong and content I travel the open road. . . .
The picture alive . . .
The cheerful voice of the public road, the gay
fresh sentiment of the road . . .

—WALT WHITMAN

# ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————*ends of verse*
*And sayings of philosophers.*"
HUDIBRAS

On July 12th, 1962, the University of Mysore held a Special Convocation to confer the Degree of Doctor of Laws on His Highness Shri Jayachamaraja Wadiyar Bahadur, the Maharaja of Mysore. In his citation, presenting His Highness to the Convocation, the Vice-Chancellor, Professor N. A. Nikam, expressed the merits of the honoured recipient of the degree as follows:—

Noble ancestry, intellectual eminence, dignity and majesty of person, piety and devotion, self-restraint and inner serenity and uncommon courtesy have made His Highness a notable personality and symbol of the values of the old and the new order.

His Highness in a well thought-out and felicitously expressed speech made some valuable observations:—

University education has been assigned a prominent place in our planning, and the talent that is fostered, shaped and stimulated in our seats of learning is finding fruitful scope and employment in the expanding avenues of national service....

Wise selection of teachers, research scholars and students, an uncompromising emphasis on quality in all things, the maintenance of high standards, both academic and moral, and the cultivation of a spirit of peace and orderliness will always ensure maximum success in our University effort....We look to our Universities to furnish precepts and examples in the task of eradicating parochialism and narrow-mindedness, regional, linguistic or other, and of helping society achieve the broad and œcumenical outlook which is an imperative necessity under modern conditions of life and culture in the world.

Bharata Ratna Dr. Sir C. V. Raman was specially invited to deliver the Convocation Address for the important occasion. Paying a tribute to the Mysore Royal House, he said:—

Anyone who has seen the countryside of the State would be familiar with the remarkable manner in which its former rulers had transformed an arid and thirsty highland into a flourishing contryside by the construction of an immense number of barrages built of stone and earth across every dip in the land which could be used for a set purpose, namely, that of conserving the precious gift of water falling as rain and storing it for use as and when needed. These sparkling sheets of water which we see everywhere in the state are like the eyes in a human face. They lend both beauty and animation to the landscape.

Speaking of His Highness's public statements he said:—

His pronouncements have always been remarkable for the practical wisdom they embodied combined with a clarity of thought and a happy choice of language that is the mark of true scholarship....There is in the Sanskrit language a word, *Rajarishi*, meaning one who is both a ruler and a sage, which aptly describes the personality and attainments of His Highness.

---

Certain ideas seem to be "in the air" at certain times. The July 1962 issue of *The Hibbert Journal* has its contributors searching for the reconciliation where "opposites" are seen, not as contrasts, but as indivisible complements. In "Search for Meaning" Dr. Eugene Exman, Vice-President of the publishing firm, Harper and Brothers, writes that this search has been generally turned towards the material universe, but that this is not enough. Teilhard de Chardin had emphasized the need to bring into union the points of view of the *without*

and the *within* of things. And Dr. Exman continues:—

> The outer world merges into the inner world. The rational comes face-to-face with the intuitional. In our search for meaning, therefore, we find justification in asserting that there is . . . a significant, non-objective world demanding exploration. Perhaps we are moving out of the eclipse which science has thrown across the non-objective.

Next, in a translation and summary by H. C. Snape of Maurice Goguel's "The Witness of a Historian," we come again across: "Are these two attitudes 'to understand' and 'to live' a religion, mutually exclusive, and are we reduced to choosing between them?" Or " . . . as all religion is both collective and individual, there is no real opposition but rather a difference in polarization." H. P. Rickman gives an acute and sympathetic study of the work of Dorothy Sayers, "one of the masters of detective fiction" who later became known for her theological writings and dramas, and for her scholarly translation of Dante. Eventually she found the ideal of the Age of Enlightenment — reason, lucidity, humour, sound sense and humaneness — that she embodied in her detective-scholar-aristocrat to be insufficient; eventually for her, the light of rationality had to be integrated with the illumination of Christian faith. One of the problems that engaged her continually was that of suffering and justice, "how good and evil often seem inevitably interlocked."

The title of "The Paradoxes of Freedom and Authority," by Professor Lou H. Silberman, again endeavours to show that opposites cannot exist without each other. The lives of Socrates and of Joan of Arc and the figure of the runaway slave in Mark Twain's novel *Huckleberry Finn* are used to present the value of tension between the two concepts. The purpose of "The Social Dimension of Theravāda Buddhism in Burma," by the Rev. Trevo Ling, is to show that the contemplative religion of the title is not opposed, but is complementary to, the life of human society, and influences it vitally. The opening article, however, "What Ails Our Philosophers?" by another American philosopher, Arthur W. Munk, presents a different facet of duality, when he compares our dull modern philosophers to "the ass that starved between two haystacks" because it could not make up its mind. They cannot define *precisely* what "standards" are, still less take the responsibility of setting them up for the world's guidance. He instances a whole afternoon's session at a philosophical convention devoted to analyzing the statement "The radio is on the table."

> Coupled with the modern, philosophical preoccupation with symbolic logic and linguistic analysis, there is an amazing lack of vision. While Plato spoke of the philosopher as the spectator of "all time and all existence," most American philosophers are so *conditioned* and *enslaved* by their materialistic and hedonistic ways of thinking, that . . . they never get beyond grasping at a world of shadows. Nothing could be more tragic in a time such as this — when the world, in its race with unparalleled catastrophe, so desperately needs that larger vision which philosophy is capable of providing.

The choice before man is that of "an inglorious end" self-produced by ignorance and stupidity, or "the real possibility of a world civilization." Munk is optimistic enough to see signs of a change towards this, in the influence of Bertrand Russell's endeavours for world peace (whether one agrees with his philosophy as such); in the inspiration of Radhakrishnan, and in such books as *The Coming World Civilization* by W. E. Hocking, and in Dr. Schilpp's presidential address to the Western Division of the American Philosophical Association, 1959.

*The Hibbert Journal* is always a valiant upholder of what Professor Munk calls "the great intangibles (the things that matter most)," and this issue, the last of those edited by the Rev. L. A. Garrard, B.D., M.A., for eleven years is a fine farewell. His successor is the Rev. H. L. Short, M.A., Tutor and Librarian of Manchester College, Oxford, who will carry with him the good wishes of readers for an ever-greater opening of "the single eye of wisdom."

---

From the bitter working conditions of the early days of the last century, it is a far cry to the present era when the Trade Union movement — though suffering at times from threats of hardening of the arteries, or of cancer in the system — can begin to consider not only the basic material needs of workers, but also their leisure-needs as intelligent human beings. The pattern of the stages of development in Great Britain, up to 1959, is comprehensively described in the illustrated volume *The Foundry Workers*, by H. J. Fyrth and Henry Collins, published for the Amalgamated Union of Foundry Workers as a 150th-year commemoration. As the authors say, it is "to some extent a history of the British Labour Movement" since the Union was one of the earliest created. Jim Gardner, the "grand old man" of the Union, writes in the Preface, of learning from past experience, to "be better equipped to assess what is needed in the present and the future."

It is a tale of pitiless treatment or pitiless neglect, due to the cupidity or thoughtlessness of those who failed to recognize employees as human beings. It is also a tale of unspectacular heroisms, sacrifices and efforts to lessen working hours, and to increase health and safety precautions; and this despite, in many instances, the selfishness, apathy and greed among the union followers themselves. The multitudinous ramifications of the struggle are lucidly presented, building up a picture that brings us up to the Unions' education schemes since the last war, and the need for seeing the wider economic background. There is, perhaps naturally, still the feeling of "we, the workers" against "them, the capitalists," reminiscent of the old fable of the body, whose limbs went on strike against the demands of the stomach, though eventually both found they could only work as one unit. It may be that the new phase of Trade Union activity now appearing in the leisure field of culture, will help to destroy some of the type-labels that impede understanding.

A talk by Arnold Wesker, the dramatist, to the National Union of Students at Oxford, about a couple of years back, was published as a pamphlet and sent to every trade union in the country. It accused the Labour movement of claiming to be for the benefit of the people, yet ignoring the real contribution the arts could make to satisfy their needs. The Trade Union Congress 1960 passed Resolution 42 calling for an inquiry on the matter, and eventually "Centre 42" was formed. It put forward the scheme of the community as itself patron for festivals of the arts, instead of being fed on the cheapened mass-media of what Wesker calls "An Age of Trivia" (*Sunday Times Supplement*, July 8th, 1962). Six such festivals are planned in English, aiming to create "a new cultural framework" drawn from indigenous and live influences. Granville Eastwood, General Secretary of the Printing and Kindred Trades Federation, shows a similar concern about "Leisure — The New Problem for Unions" (*The Observer*, July 8th, 1962). He, too, fears the psychological domination of the workers by "high-powered commercial enterprises" that condition their whole outlook on life and leisure simply to benefit private profit. His plea is that trade union-

ists should plan for "a long-term policy of cultural education," especially for those millions who do not even realize what they are missing. Concern about wages and conditions should now be supplemented by concern as to the cultural climate in which the workers live.

---

*The Saturday Review* of New York dated May 26th, 1962, contains a challenging article entitled "Are Americans Over-Medicated?" which warns the public against the misuse and abuse of medical drugs and operative procedures, most of them not required in a large number of cases. The emphasis on research and technological improvement has outrun the human aspect of therapy, and the modern man is led to expect that the specialist with his test-tube and microscopic slides and intricate techniques is the only adequate physician. Professor Herbert Ratner, Professor of Preventive Medicine and Public Health in the Loyola University, Chicago, points out in this article:—

> Modern medicine — and I am thinking of patients as well as of physicians — is geared not really to health but hypochondriacal.... We talk about health all the time. Yet, for the most part all that has been accomplished is an increase in imaginary illnesses....

The Americans as a people think of health as something that can be bought, a commodity in the market-place. People have forgotten what Hippocrates, the father of Western medicine, said a long time ago: "Use leads to health and disuse to disease and premature disability." It is not sufficiently realized that the prime function of the physican is " to work with nature, to assist, support and minister to her."

The author gives two glaring examples of unnecessary interference by the doctor. The wide-spread increase of "dermatitis" in America is due to over-treatment. Another example of treatment for the sake of treatment is the indiscriminate use of tranquillizers. Says Professor Ratner:—

> We are becoming a pill-swallowing civilization. None of them are innocuous, and the damage they do frequently far outweighs the good intended.

The author, while fully cognizant and full of admiration for the tremendous advances in medicine, heart surgery, brain surgery, antibiotics and immunizing agents, makes the point that

> we are also increasing morbidities and anxieties. We do much for the dying but less for the living and in some instances we directly convert the living to the dead by therapeutic misadventure.

Finally, the questions to be faced are:—

> What is the nature of medicine? What is the physician's work? nature's work? their relationship? What is the role of science, art and experience, the role of the patient, the significance of homœostatic forces for man as a social animal; the concept of the normal; the nature of a profession?

---

I FIRMLY BELIEVE that if the whole *materia medica*, as now used, could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind and all the worse for the fishes.

—HOLMES